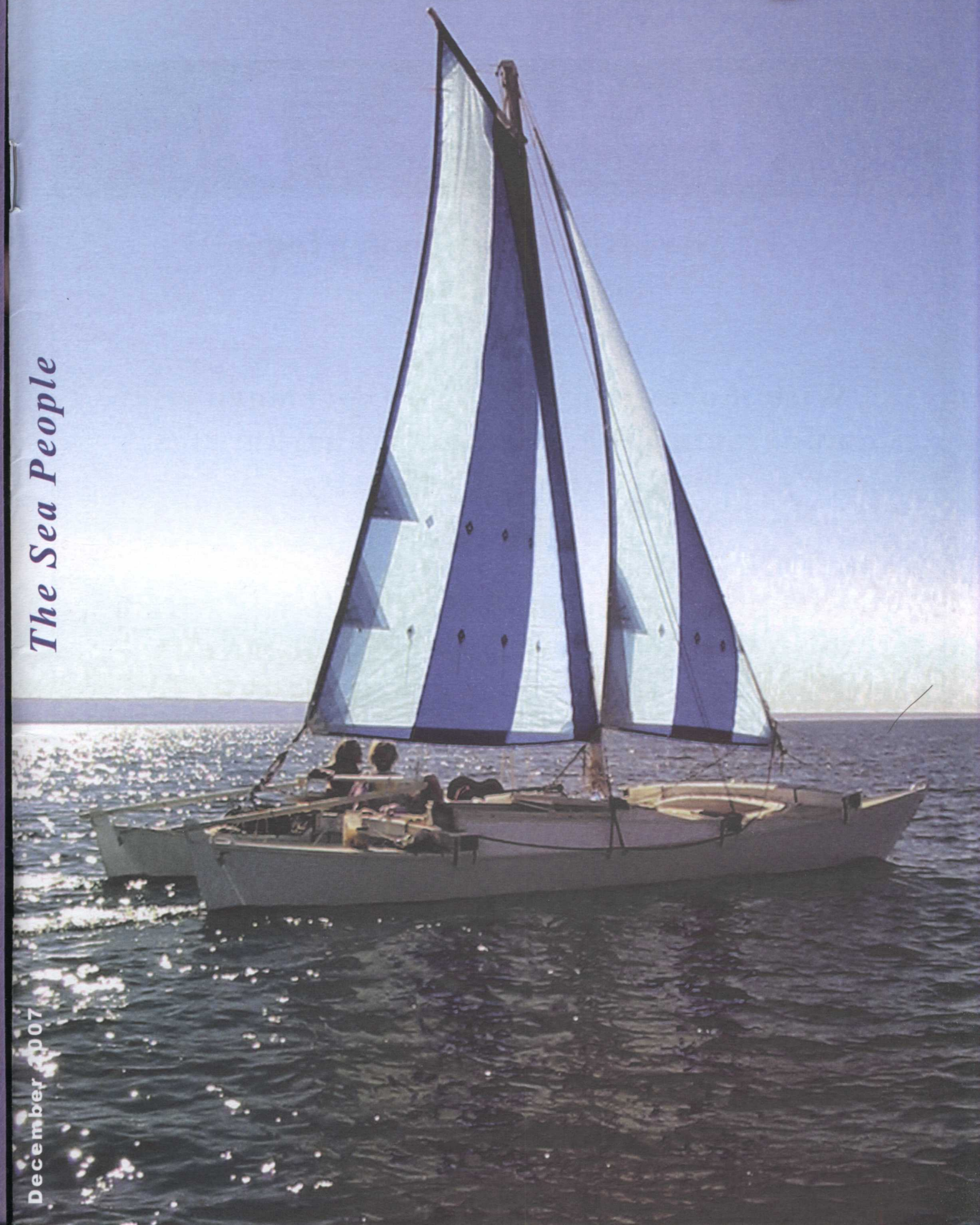
ISSUE 69

The Sea People



The Sea People

December 2007

Gene Perry 7828 S.E. Continental Dr., Hobe Sound, Fl 33455

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Jeckells THE SAILMAKERS

The Sea People

Magazine of the Polynesian Catamaran Association

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Contributors of this issue:
(By order of appearance in the mag)
James Wharram Designs team
Tony Perridge
Tim Cox
Paul Barnett
Guenter Zimmermann
Marc Olivier Huet
Bertrand & Marie Hélène Fercot
Markus Immer
Gordon Walker
Jeremy Slack
Johnny Martin
Gerald Winkler
Rob van Leeuwen
Pixie the Cat
Ann & Nev Clement
Dave Yettram
Rémy Roy
Ken Hook
Rosemary & Murray Bartle
Ruth Wharram

Contacts

Editorial team:
Remy Roy, Ken & Anita Hook
<your name needed here!>

Editorial address:
PCA, 118 Howeth Road,
Bournemouth, Dorset, BH10 5NS, UK
+44 (0) 1202 531445

e-mail: editor@pca-seapeople.org
web site: www.pca-seapeople.org

From the PCA constitution:

The objects of the association are to promote and further the interests of builders and owners of Polynesian Catamarans, and to encourage the development of good seamanship in all its aspects amongst the association's members.
« Polynesian Catamarans » shall mean the various classes of catamarans as designed by James Wharram.

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Front cover:

Tim and Ann on Quirky (see page 32)

NEWS FOR SEA PEOPLE

Dear Friends, Wharram enthusiasts,

New Webletter
A new webletter by James can now be read at link , about James and Hanneke's recent visit to Andy Smith Boatyard in the Philippines, with news and photos of the building of the Islander 65 and other boats.

New Ethnic Design.
A month ago, Hanneke finally completed the Tahiti Wayfarer Building Plans. These Plans are very detailed and contain a book full of beautiful sketches showing step by step how to build this 21' Ethnic design, including making the Crabclaw sails, spars from saplings found in the woods, paddles and even wooden 'deadeye' blocks. This boat can be built for less than £1000 (US$2000) in materials cost; just ply, timber, epoxy, glass, paint and rope; no need for yachting hardware at all.

Weblog and News
I hope you have been following the news items on our website, there have been several regarding Ethnic and Pacific canoe projects in http://www.wharram.eu/live/

The photo galleries have also been updated with many more photos added.

With the New Year coming up, why not send cards this year featuring Wharram catamarans and beautiful sea scenes. Or buy your partner/friend a copy of the Wharram DVD, or of James' epic book Two Girls Two Catamarans?

Have a very Happy New Year and some wonderful sailing in 2008.

From all at James Wharram Designs

www.wharram.com

Hello all,
Don't forget to pack your PCA yearbook when you travel, even if you're not going by boat. There will be many times when you see a boat and wonder if you have any contact details. When you are going by boat there are bound to be occasions when you arrive somewhere and need some supplies etc. Look at your yearbook and you may well find a local member who can point you in exactly the right direction.

Ken.

ARE YOU REALLY AN ENVIRONMENTALIST SAILOR?

When I say environmentalist (or Green), I don't think of those "beatniks" of the early 60's for whom I have a moved thought but of you and me. As sailor or amateur boat builder you might think that you are evidently one of those who are more concerned by the environment… But do you know that the boat industry and, consequently, the boat users are amongst the worst environmentalists in the consumers word?

Nowadays 90% of a car or a motorcycle is recyclable. Most of our domestic appliances are also recyclables. But what about our boats?

In the past the old sailors were leading their "old" companions to the boats cemeteries where they were ending their life as romantic elements of the landscape. Nowadays you just have to glance at the rear of the shipyards for understanding that we don't know what to do with our "old" modern plastic boats. A recent study has demonstrated that only about 25% of a modern sailboat is made of recyclable elements: some natural fabrics, few plastics, aluminium from spars, some irons, very few ropes and that's it!

All the other components are made (most of the time) with petroleum by-products which are not recyclables or at a very high cost. Even the plywood is not a good recyclable material because of the glue used for it's fabrication.

And what about our behaviour as sailor and user of the sea? Have you ever looked at the exhaust pipes of the sailboats docked in the marinas? Most of them are black and greasy because of the non burned diesel rejects and/ or a bad engine tuning…

More again, what about our wastes and dark waters? In the greatest part of the world boat toilets are in direct communication with the sea. Result: marinas are amongst the most polluted places of the "modern" world.

Who has never thrown an empty tin or a glass bottle overboard thinking that they were bio-degradable things (only after tens and tens of years..)?

So what to do? At our level it is just to think, at least, about our consummation by replacing our old light bulbs by LEDs for example or use the wind power, the water power or solar power as energy sources. It is also to think to compress our wastes and wait to find a right place to throw them… That could be also to use dry toilets in place of the old Blake's.

Some are trying to run their diesel engines with old kitchen oils in place to buy some diesel. Yes, you read it well, that works (after very little arrangements)! The only drawback could be some smell of frying (if it is chips oil you will just have to catch the fish! ☺) but the restaurant owners may give to you their old frying oils for free. Some others use electric outboard engines and few outboard engine manufacturers (Mercury & Tohatsu) have produced engines working with LPG combustible which is sixty times less polluting than gasoline…

For the boat builders the problem is a little bit more complex because each of us knows that resins are chemical and petroleum by-products, but there are some trials for making resins from vegetable and during the last Composite Exhibition in Paris it was showed some canvas made with linen, for replacing the fibreglass. It is already in use in the car industry… We will see, but in those times where the ecology concerns are awarded with a Nobel Price it is maybe the real right time to show that, as sailors, we are in the front line to give an example to our children before that the Blue Planet becomes the Dark one…

Rémy.

All members submitting articles for submission to the mag, will be entered into a drawing at the AGM. Prizes will consist of PCA clothing/burgee/items that have been presented in the money saving column for that year.

Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Office or electronically to
pcatxt@pca-seapeople.org (for articles, simple txt is best, .doc (MSWord) is fine also)
and pcapix@pca-seapeople.org (for pictures or drawings) .jpg format preferred (others less so)
(pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300Kb please)
(please keep total transmission size to 500Kb or less, 3 x 300Kb files are easier to transmit/receive than 1 @ 900Kb)

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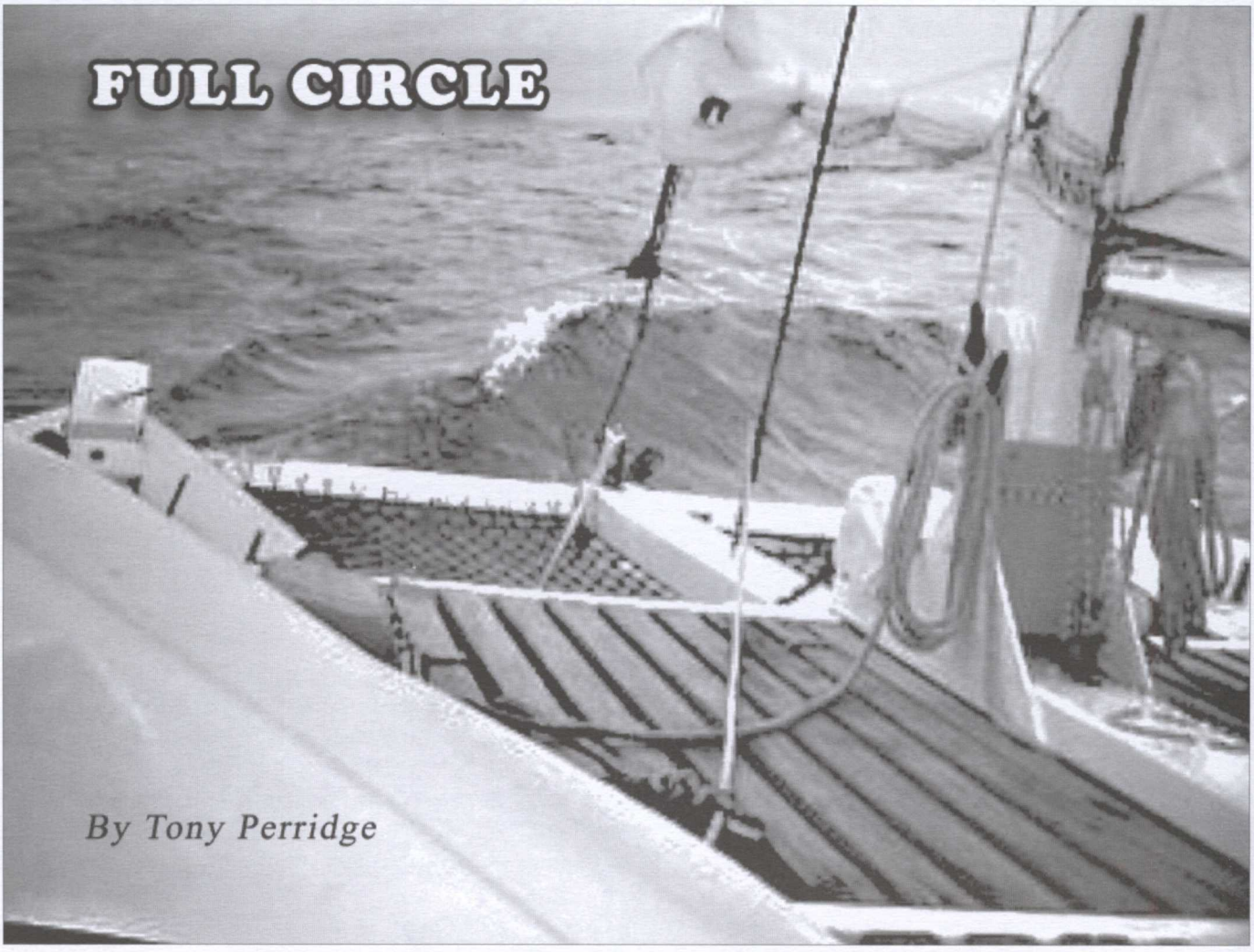


FULL CIRCLE

By Tony Perridge

In the last issue we have left Tony Perridge and her Faoileag (Mk I Tangaroa) were just about to sail to the Caribbean islands. As promised, here is the second part of this great love story between a man and a sailboat...

On the 27th July 1982 I left Inverness with a good friend, Alan Skea, bound south through the Caledonian Canal. I had changed the rig that year, abandoning the sprit main and boomed mizzen staysail for a big single junk main. This was made of heavy red canvas, cut completely flat and controlled by 2in square Douglas Fir battens and miles of rope. Off the wind, it pulled like a stallion mule, but was not so good for windward work. It was a gloriously docile sail to handle, though, and the battens could be climbed like a ladder if I wanted to get up the mast.

The plan was for Alan to accompany me as far as the South coast of Eire and then I would take off alone across the Atlantic. (See The Sailorman, December 1982). The trip to Waterford East, near Cork went well enough, but here Alan bade farewell and returned home. Left on my own, I was overwhelmed with loneliness and homesickness. I abandoned my plan and set off to sail back to Inverness.

Once the decision had been made, the passage north became a pleasure. I pottered up the Irish coast, ruled only by the weather. After being storm bound in the charming little port of Greystones, I decided to take advantage of a fair wind and sail overnight for Scotland. Once again, one of my mental video clips starts to run.

The night was heavily overcast, with a warm wind from the west. Being on a close reach, Faoileag was sailing herself with all sail up and I stood for hours on deck, leaning against the main mast, enthralled by the streams of phosphorescence passing along the hulls. Far away off the port bow I could see the flash of the light on Rathlin Island on the northern tip of Ireland and fine on the starboard bow was the light on the Mull of Kintyre. Looking astern I could just make out the loom of the light on the Isle of Man, now many miles astern. As Faoileag sped through the night, starbursts of phosphorescence erupted from the bows as she disturbed shoals of herring or

mackerel. It was a night that I never wanted to end.

I arrived back in Inverness with no marriage, no job and no Dream. Fortunately, I still had some contacts and ended up working in Hull, helping a team that was converting large trawlers into rig support vessels. When the job in Hull ended, I came back north and got a job as engineer with a boat hire firm on the Caledonian Canal, about 30 miles south of Inverness at Fort Augustus. Involved as I was with a new job and way of life, Faoileag lay at a jetty and didn't move for two years. She had become a drain on my slender resources and I needed some cash to develop my interests within the hire fleet. Since I no longer any ideas of sailing the oceans, I decided to sell her.

Jim Muir, a retired engineer from Glasgow, answered my advert. We agreed a price and he came up to sail her back to Glasgow. I had told Jim that I would come part of the way down the canal with him to show him how everything worked. We got to Laggan Lock at the north end of Loch Lochy and there I parted with my boat and my dreams.

Faoileag with the junk main still in place as also on the picture at the bottom.

I stood for a long time watching Faoileag growing smaller and smaller as she sailed away down Loch Lochy. She hadn't wanted to go and had acted up in every possible way, giving poor Jim a hard time. Finally, I turned and went back home, believing that that part of my life was finally over.

In the Irish Sea...

I thought that I had forgotten about her until, one evening about a year later, I received a phone call. It was a friend of Jim's and he was phoning to tell me that Jim had been quite badly hurt. Apparently, he had taken my paraffin cooker out of the boat and put in a gas cooker. There must have been a leak, because when he struck a match there was an explosion that blew him out of the hatch and opened up the forward part of the starboard hull like a banana.

I remember feeling as if someone had punched me in the stomach and I slid down the wall and ended up sitting on the floor as I heard the story. I was sorry for Jim, but the real anguish was for my boat, because, although I had sold her, she would always be *my* boat.

Fortunately, Jim made a remarkable recovery and he set to and repaired the damage. Then, since he had rather bad memories of owning Faoileag, he asked me if I wanted to buy her back. Although my fortunes had improved, I still couldn't afford to buy her so Jim, bless him, just kept dropping the price until I could. He agreed to deliver her back to Laggan Locks, where he had taken her over originally, so on a squally Autumn day I stood looking at my boat once again.

Jim had made quite a few changes. Gone was the old Reliant engine and in it's place was a new Petter 12hp diesel. There was now an autopilot, an electric anchor winch and one of the first Satnav sets. Above each bunk cabin there was a raised hatch to give ventilation and access.

Having her back rekindled the Dream. I was at the end of a rather destructive relationship and it seemed a good idea to combine getting away from that and finally fulfilling my dream of crossing an ocean. I gave up my job at the boat hire yard and moved aboard Faoileag – she would now be my home – and started to prepare her for yet another trip. I started by removing the four hatches over the bunk cabins and reinstating the decks. To improve her windward ability, I removed the junk mainsail and replaced it with the mainsail from a Telstar trimaran that was given to me by a friend. I stocked up with fuel and food and, early one morning in late May, 1987, I slipped away from the jetty at Fort Augustus, once again heading south.

The trip began well, with reasonable weather, and I made good progress. From Fort William, at the end of the Caledonian Canal, to Oban was only an easy day's sail. I stayed there for a day to complete my preparations, and then continued south. The wind was rather light and variable but by nightfall I was off West Loch Tarbert and so chose to anchor there for a good night's sleep. Two more days of mixed weather and I was well down the Irish Sea, my next stop northern Spain.

"Too many miles, too many goodbyes". This is what I wrote in my narrative log on that bright, sunny afternoon as I once again abandoned my Dream and turned north for Scotland. Wracked with loneliness and homesickness, I couldn't see any point in continuing.

From my early twenties, I had voraciously read every book that I could find on single-handed sailing. Some, like Bernard Moitessier who was undoubtedly the greatest of that select company, were brought up sailing and were only really spiritually comfortable out of sight of land. Others, like Donald Riddler and Shane Acton, were totally inexperienced and just worked it all out once they set off. One thing that they all had in common, though, was an inner strength and the ability to accept the vagaries of the cruising life.

This is what I lack. This trip was when I finally came to terms with this and the realisation was devastating.

For over twenty years I had been obsessed and motivated by my Dream and now it had all turned to ashes. I had comprehensively burned all my bridges to embark on this venture and as I slowly sailed north up the Irish Sea, I felt drained and empty. Other than getting to a familiar haven, I had absolutely no idea what I was going to do with myself.

The forecast that morning was for Force 8 from the east, backing northeast. As I sailed up the North Channel between Northern Ireland and the Mull of Kintyre, the wind steadily increased and the seas started to build. I was desperately trying to close the Mull to gain some shelter, but Faoileag was making too much leeway and I began to be set down onto the island of Jura. The visibility was less than half a mile because of the driving rain and I was relying totally on the Satnav for my position. All that day I watched anxiously as the plots on the chart showed that we were getting closer and closer to the cliffs on the east side of Jura. I can recall the iron tang of fear on my tongue.

As the evening drew on, the light began to fade and I was forced to make a decision. What I should have done was to turn back out to sea and heave-to for the night, but I was exhausted, lonely and afraid. Instead, I placed my faith in the Satnav and turned down wind and ran blindly towards the shore of Jura. Off the village of Craighouse is a small island called Goat Island and I ran for shelter there in the deepening gloom.

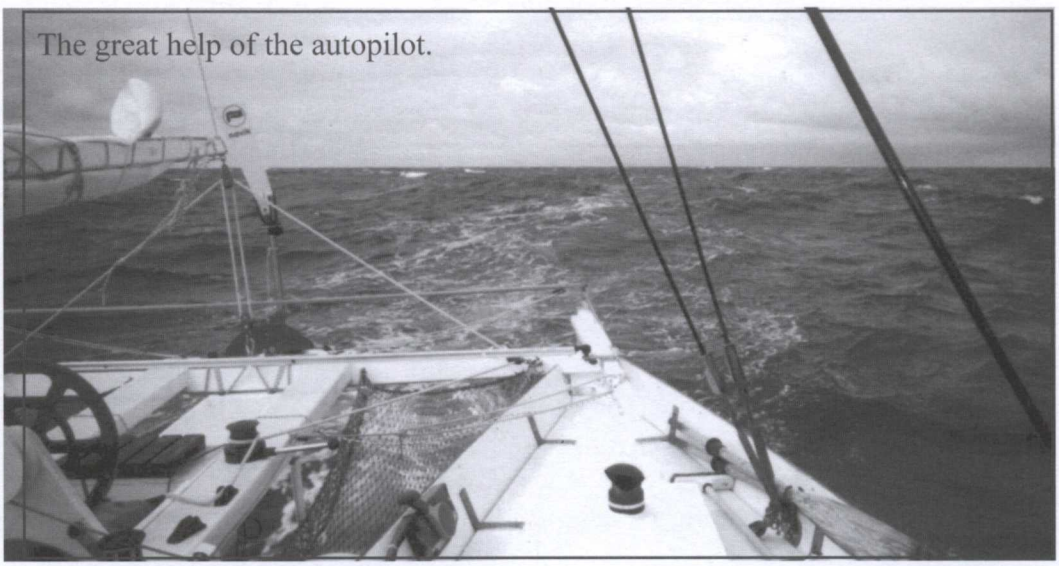
Once I had made the decision all my fear evaporated, to be replaced with a wild feeling of elation as Faoileag surfed down the breaking waves. If I had got this wrong, we would pile up at the foot of the cliffs, but then through the murk I made out the first faint blink of the light on Goat Island and I knew we were safe. We swooped into the shelter behind the island just as daylight finally faded and I dropped the anchor in three fathoms. As I watched to see if the anchor was holding, I could hear the wind moaning high overhead. I went below and slept for twelve hours.

When I awoke next morning, the wind had moderated and the sun was shining. I rowed ashore and went to a small hotel for breakfast. One of the locals asked me if I was off the catamaran anchored in the bay. When I said I was and was sailing alone, he said," You must be some seaman to have found your way in here last night!" I modestly accepted his praise, knowing all along that I had made a truly bad decision in running down onto a dangerous lee shore. I wasn't a good seaman, just a lucky one.

Next day, I sailed north to Seil Island near Oban and got a job for a while on a friend's prawn boat. Then I went back to Inverness and started work as a yacht broker at a marina there. I lived on board Faoileag in the marina and gradually my life settled down.

For five years I drifted along. During the summers I would sail Faoileag a few miles down the Inverness Firth to the little village of Avoch and live aboard in the harbour there. The winters were spent in the marina where I had electricity laid on to provide a fan heater and one good reading light. I had no Dream and no desire to sail offshore again. However, unknown to me, my life was about to take another turn.

While attending a conference in Edinburgh in 1990, I casually invited a friend out for dinner to talk over old times. Edith and I had gone out



The great help of the autopilot.

together in the early Sixties, but had then gone our separate ways. In the intervening 30 years we had occasionally been in touch, but this time was different. Within a short time she had left Edinburgh and joined me on Faoileag.

It quickly became apparent that Faoileag was too small for us to live on together, so we bought a small flat in Inverness and moved ashore. Edith and I went sailing a few times, but she didn't enjoy it and I no longer wanted even to day-sail on my own. Once again my boat lay unused and when a friend, Roger Dove, asked if I would sell her to him, I agreed. Roger had sailed with me in the past and had been captured by Faoileag's magic. He already had a Tiki 26, but wanted a bigger boat to cruise with his family. Once again I watched my boat sail away and imagined that the story was over.

Faoileag's new home was on a mooring off Jemimaville on the Cromarty Firth, only a few miles from Inverness. Over the next few years I would sometimes go and see her. I would stand on the shore and remember past times, but for me, the magic had gone.

I developed a sideline buying tired boats and renovating them. This was more in the nature of a paying hobby than a proper business, but it meant that I could have a small boat to sail on Loch Ness on nice days. The first boat was 19ft Caprice bilge-keeler and when that was sold I bought a Galion, a 22ft keel boat and renovated that.

When I sold Faoileag to Roger I had said, half jokingly, that if ever he wanted to sell her I would like him to offer me first refusal. Nine years after buying her, he did just that so I went to have a close look at her. (See Sea People October 1998).

As I rowed out to her on a grey October day, she presented a sad sight. Roger had had other commitments over the past five years, so Faoileag had lain on a drying mooring untouched for that time. A grim vista of peeling paint, rusting fittings and general decay met me as I climbed aboard. However, I had to have her back regardless of her condition – she was still *my* boat.

We agreed to swap the Galion for Faoileag and I began to make her fit to sail to Inverness. (See Sea People, April 2000) After a few days work, Roger and I sailed her there overnight under a full moon. The darkness hid her tired condition and as she slipped smoothly through the waves she exerted her charm over me once again. However, something had been lost in those last nine years and this magical night's sail was the last time that I was to feel the special bond between us that originated on that winter's night 25 years before.

Once I got Faoileag back to the marina in Inverness, I had her craned ashore and then I spent the next two and a half years in completely refitting her. I renewed the sheathing that had been worn off the keels, cut out and replaced some areas of rot in the decks and replaced the aft main beam. The rudder fittings had almost rusted away so I made new, stainless steel replacements. I made new bulwarks from GRP sheet, fitted a new 9.9 Yamaha outboard and then spent months painting her from truck to keel.

During this time, despite all my failed attempts at offshore sailing in the past, the darned Dream surfaced again. I suppose that being in such close proximity to the boat on land made me forget what it was like being at sea! Anyway, I started to plan to sail to Greece, figuring that it would be easier than crossing the Atlantic and therefore more likely to succeed. There was "only" the Bay of Biscay to cross and that looks quite small in the atlas.

Edith was quite rightly horrified at my plan, wishing neither to come with me nor become a boat widow. After a short but brisk exchange of hostilities, and realising that I was totally committed to my lunacy, she rolled up her sleeves and prepared to help. She is a remarkable lady.

On the 14th of May 2001, I left Inverness, destination Greece. Edith came with me down the Caledonian Canal for two days, then she left and my two crew members arrived. John Black, a young Australian, had never sailed before but was looking for travel and adventure. John Harris is a friend with some coastal experience, but at that time he had never sailed offshore. (See Sea People December 2003, March 2004 and June 2004).

The weather for the first few days was cold, wet and with contrary winds. We harbour–hopped our way down the west coast of Scotland and over to Ireland. Here the weather turned warmer, but we still made poor progress with winds stubbornly remaining in the south. The fact that Faoileag was

very heavily loaded didn't help, either. Eventually, we arrived at a small port in the south of Eire called Killmore Quay and we decided to wait here for a favourable wind before setting off for Spain. After two days, we got the forecast we were looking for and set off.

For the first day we made good progress, but then the wind headed us and began to increase. We battled on for two more days, but John Black was so affected with sea sickness that he wasn't able to keep even water down. He gamely insisted that he could keep going, but I was concerned that it could take us another week to reach Spain in these conditions.

I suppose that the outcome was inevitable, given my track record. About 200 miles south of Ireland, I turned Northeast, heading for Cornwall.

The wind was now dead astern, blowing force 4 to 5, and with just a reefed jib we were charging up Channel at 8 or 9 knots. Later the wind increased and as we got into shoaling waters, Faoileag surfed spectacularly. However, even though it was a wild ride, she never once gave us any cause for concern.

After a day and a half, we entered the Helford river and went up to the boatyard at Gweek. The two Johns went on their way and I remained, pondering the future. I now knew, once and for all, that I didn't want the seafaring life, so for the third and final time I parted with Faoileag, but this time I walked away without a backward glance, the break final and complete. I believe that she is in Gibraltar now, so I probably will never see her again.

From 1972 when I bought the plans, until 2001 when I sold her for the last time, Faoileag has been a major factor in my life. She demanded my sweat and toil and not a little blood, but has repaid me a thousand times over and always got me home safely. She is a great little boat.

If I have done nothing else of note in my life, I can say that I built a beautiful boat and then sailed her over many seas. It is enough.

Tony Perridge

The last glance at her… I will never forget.

ANDAMAN SEA EXPEDITION

On November 2006 Julia, Tim, Beth, Jessica, Kate and Tiger (8) arrived in Phuket, Thailand, and set off in a dilapidated minibus for Jimmy's Lighthouse Restaurant in Au Chalong bay. Here we hoped to rendezvous with Maxim, our Dutch-Thai contact and take possession of a Wharram Tiki 30 catamaran.

It was stunningly hot and humid when compared with the cold wet UK we had left, and it soon became apparent that our driver, despite his earlier confident assurance that he knew intimately of Jimmy's Lighthouse Restaurant, had, in fact, no idea where he was going.

We stopped and bought a map of Phuket Island. About an hour later we had teamed up with Maxim. He turned out to be the barefooted delinquent type figure who had arrived on a Yamaha 90 with a side car built from steel reinforcing rods. His torn T shirt and sun battered appearance belied a knowledgeable and charming man who soon whisked me and Beth off on a whirlwind provisioning tour. Somehow we piled enough eggs, pineapples, UHT milk, ice etc into his" limousine" sidecar to last the first few days of the voyage.

By now darkness had fallen with Tropical abruptness and it was time to board our craft. Seven of us, bags and provisions piled into the inflatable tender and puttered out towards the familiar silhouette of a Wharram catamaran. Max left us after a beer and quick guide to the equipment. We all collapsed into assorted bunks.

After a lazy start we sailed the 7 miles or so to Koh Mai Thon, a beautiful island with a small bay sheltered from the NE monsoon winds. Here we found a mooring and a coral garden to snorkel about in. The map indicated the possibility of a settlement on the other side of the island so we set out on an expedition along a narrow path through the dense jungle foliage. Birds and monkeys screeched, and Tiger left a trail of marker twigs so we could find our way back. (A useful forethought as it turned out). After about a quarter of an hour we came across a superb Thai stilted house, and then another, and another, all completely empty. We had discovered a ghost village. Finally, in the dark, we came across an infinity swimming pool up against the sands of a beach. We all went for a refreshing swim in the fresh water. Further exploration revealed a posh restaurant and so we all sat down in our wet clothes. Out of nowhere a waiter appeared, we were both as surprised as each other! A wonderful Thai meal was procured and we set back across the island in good heart.

But it was a pitch black moonless night; fortunately Julia had thought to bring a head torch. The way, however, was populated by large numbers of scuttling land crabs. Tim had to cleave a way through the mass of creatures threatening the girls' flip-flopped toes.

Tiger's trail of twig pointers proved invaluable in helping us to divine the correct trail down to our little cove. As we assembled on the beach and pushed our rubber dinghy out over the coral ledge the thunder storm assembled overhead, raindrops grew in size and soon we were rowing under an inundation. A deafening clap thunder directly overhead left all of us wide-eyed, but the lightening illuminated our little catamaran and aided navigation. The storm ended after about an hour and we were soon all snoring in our bunks.

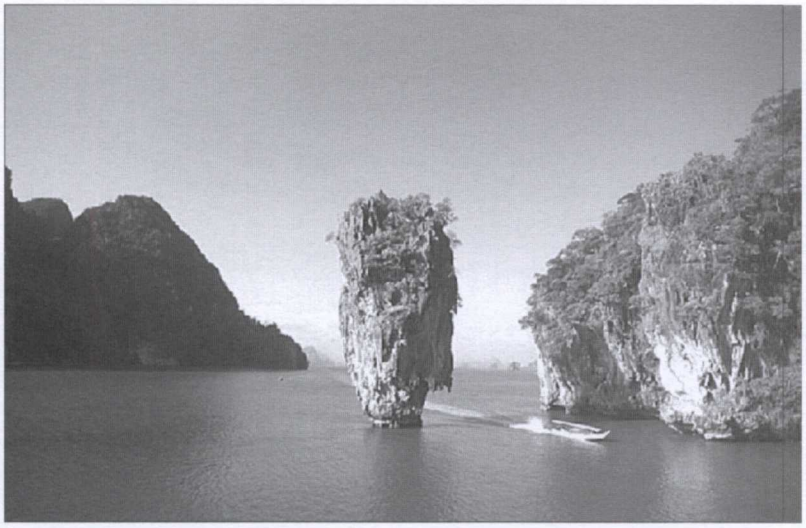
We had thunder storms every evening in fact. They're all part of the North-East Monsoon that influences Thailand from October to March.

The next day we sailed in light winds northwards about ten miles to the island of Koh Rang Yai. This was quite a low lying island with a palm tree wood and a government pearl farm. We anchored in about 4m and again found ourselves the only guests of a small restaurant. The far side of the only was easily reached after a short walk to reveal a shallow lagoon surrounded by a wonderful tangle of mangroves.

The islands of the Andaman Sea rise vertically from the ocean in unlikely columns, drenched in trees and dripping stalagmites like ancient icicles; their edges have been undercut and are riddled with caves. There is enough rainfall to ensure a virtually inpenetratable jungle growth, great twisted trees trees grow from impossibly steep cliffs. Each island seems to have its own population of bats and vultures, and troop of small monkeys. Towards the south we saw sea eagles and frigate birds. A dark heron-like bird functioned like a cormorant and swifts were everywhere.

These islands featured in the James Bond film Gold Finger (I think) and in the south we anchored off the Phi Phi island that inspired The Beach. But tourists come out in speed boats to look at these, so we tended to go mostly to the uninhabited ones.

Deserted fishermens huts could be occasionally found, and once we came across a well of crystal clear fresh water. We poured buckets over ourselves and replenished our drinking water supplies. Finding enough fresh water was quite a challenge; with six of us on board we were getting through over a gallon a day. There always seemed to be just enough food on board for one last meal, obviously some culinary imagination was required, and hunger helped. For a few days we were beyond the realm of even the most primitive of eateries, just us, the sea, coral sand and parrot fish. Maybe not a teenager's idea of paradise but Jules and Tim certainly relished it.



The large solar powered fridge filled about

a third of the centre cabin, and this was essential for mangoes and extending the life of opened goods. Solar power is the way to go in this climate.

Alongside the island of Koh Phanak we anchored in about 8m beneath 200m cliffs. Here we swam through a 20m tunnel set in the cliff face and into a Hong. Hongs are weird pools set like deep craters into some of the islands. They're like lost worlds, marooned by vertical walls inhabited by their own peculiar flora and fauna. Your first swim into a Hong is almost mystical, but sadly, after the sixth or seventh Hong, the girls became a little blasé about them. This terrible because Hongs are wonderful, like nature's cathedrals.

When visiting a Muslim fishing village the girls were shocked to find they were expected to cover up their hairy legs. "What's wrong with our legs?" they lamented as Tiger and Tim flaunted their airy shorts. One village was entirely built on stilts, the inhabitants very friendly and they boasted a very pleasant restaurant. The cook insisted on helping us debone our fish, and insisted that we all try each other's choice.

Scrawny chickens and ducks hunted around in the mud at low tide. The Thai's keep the interior of even the most modest dwelling immaculately clean. In this area a modest living was gleaned from fishing. The craft of choice was a "longtail", basically a shallow draft canoe with a car engine pivoted about amidships with a 10ft driveshaft sticking out the back with an infernally large propeller on the end. A bit like a water-borne strimmer. Some of them made an infernal racket. They ply the Andaman Sea day and night, almost certainly over fishing it. Tiger joined them enthusiastically of course, but only made a modest dent in their stocks, (3 inches). A similar size zebra fish was compassionately released. This was all despite towing a squid lure so large that only good size shark could have handled it.

In the north the sea is very shallow, and we usually had no more than a metre under our keel. At least this stopped the bigger boats coming in. The biggest fish we saw were either on the fish-finder or iced on the slabs of Phuket market. (Together with rats, bold as day, scurrying underneath).

Sailing remained fairly straightforward, the Wharram Tiki 30 was rigged like the one we have in Newhaven (monocoque Tangaroa4), except it had a loose-footed main and only one mast; most of the time we could loll about reading or whatever. Only on one day did we fly the spinnaker on glorious 20 mile romp south from the Krabby peninsular to the Phi Phi islands. In all we sailed about 140 miles on a leisurely circular route. We managed to miss various coral heads most of the trip, and only Jessica fell overboard whilst cleaning her teeth.

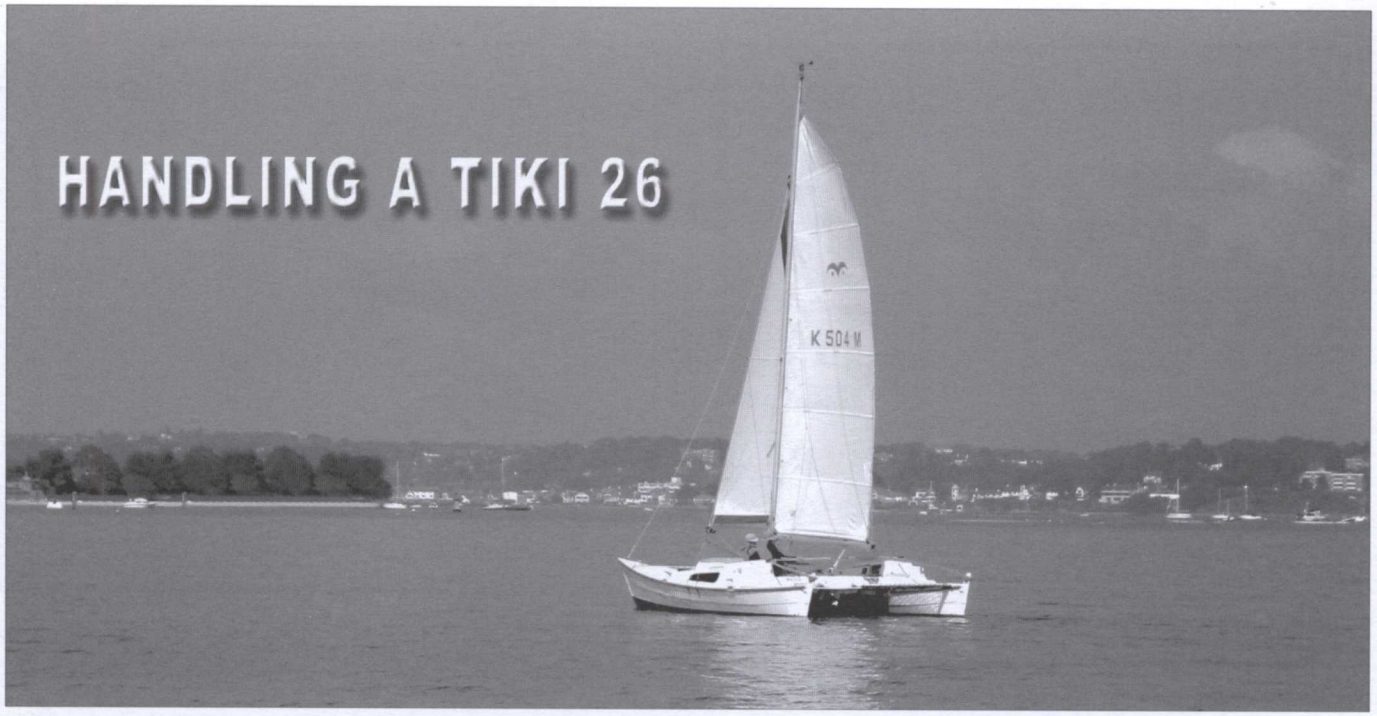
We anchored virtually every night on about 80m of nylon warp and 6m of chain. The boat was equipped with a 9.9 Yamaha, a fantastically reliable engine. We soon discovered that the NE Monsoon wind blew primarily in the mornings, so we got used to sailing off with the sunrise and arriving wherever by midday. With little or no nightlife to beguile us we were in bed as the sun went down. In fact only on the big Phi Phi island were we kept awake by a disco, this island has been destroyed by tourism. There is no peace and ramshackle development is overwhelming the shore. We soon left for places that you should only be allowed to sail to.

Anyway, out fourteen nights flew by, we explored over 12 islands and weren't attacked by pirates. We're going there again next winter and have chartered a 38ft catamaran this time. We might have the odd spare berth or two!

Tim, Julia, Jessica, Kate, Beth and Tiger

Additional information from Tim Cox is that NSSC is Newhaven and Seaford Sailing Club.
The website of the charter company is www.sailing-charter-thailand.com

HANDLING A TIKI 26



Having owned a Tiki 26 for over 10 years I thought I would describe some of her handling characteristics and the methods I use to help handle the boat. I hope these will be useful for newcomers to these boats. This article is by no means an exhaustive list of handling features and the more experienced skippers among you may have other ideas or do thing differently.

The boat

My boat (Madgic) is a GRP Tiki 26 with a bermudan rig and a fully battened mainsail. She has a centrally mounted 4hp outboard petrol engine and a roller furling jib. Her home port is Poole on the south coast of England.

The underwater profile of having two, long V hulls that are set wide apart, give these boats particular handling characteristics. Some characteristics are advantageous while others need a little care.

The boat has low windage but very strong 'grip' on any tide. This is great for directional stability but when it comes to turning in a confined space it's another story.

Turning

Well, without some speed she won't. Even with speed it's not a small turning circle. Setting off under sail or power, you'll need up to a couple of boat lengths ahead in order to gain speed and turning ability. The boat is light so it's easy to push off from a dock side to get some direction. However for the first boat length or two she will just go where she is pointing until a little speed is built up and then she'll turn.

If using the engine then it helps to have it turned the same way as the rudders, however I've noticed that if it's pushed over too far, and the wash is hitting the rudder/skeg then the positive turning effect seems to be negated. The best point seems to be when the wash just misses the rudder (i.e. goes out the back between the two hulls). When under sail and you want to turn away from the wind letting the main sheet out will help the turn, especially if the wind is strong.

Confined spaces or entering harbours and marinas always get my heart pumping when at the helm. However there is a nice tactic to use under engine that is very useful to get you out of trouble when there is no space to turn. This exploits the boats ability to go backwards really well under full control (with a little practice). Steering is reasonably good but don't go too fast and let go of the tiller because the force of the water can rip rudders off!! I've even gone backwards down a river for over a mile under fairly windy conditions to avoid a difficult turn. While going backwards the boat will sometimes go off course and you can't bring her back by steering. What I do is to

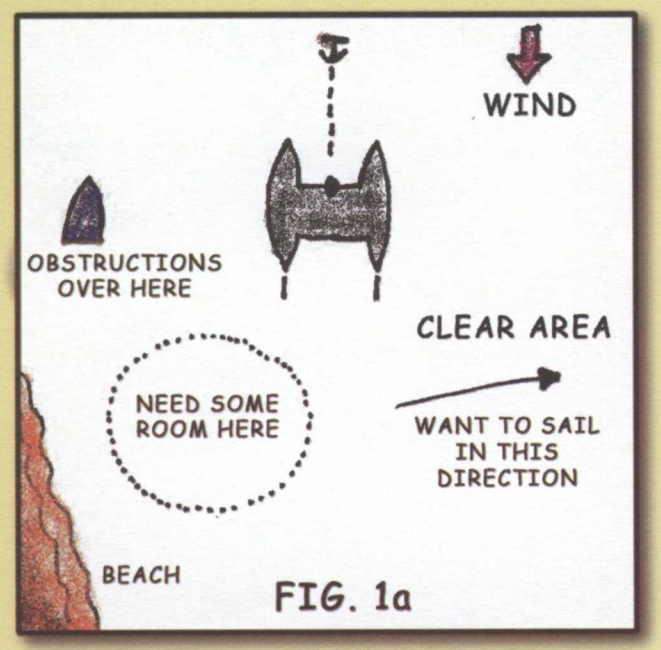


FIG. 1a

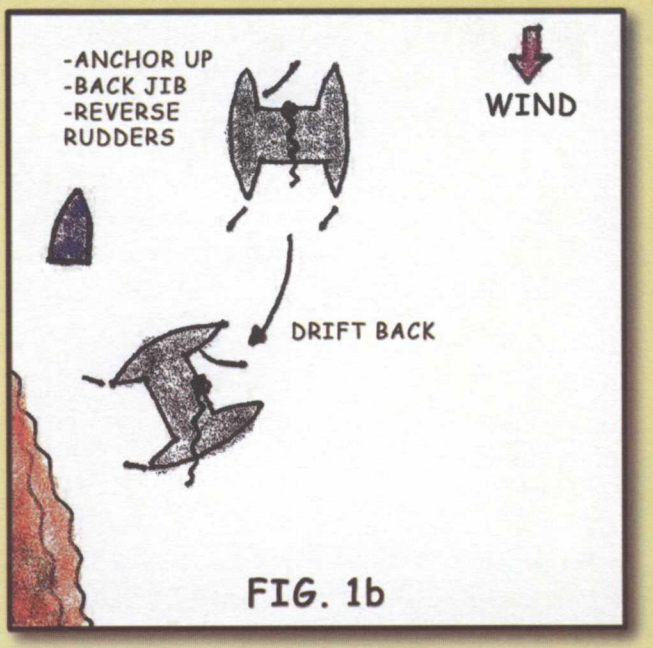


FIG. 1b

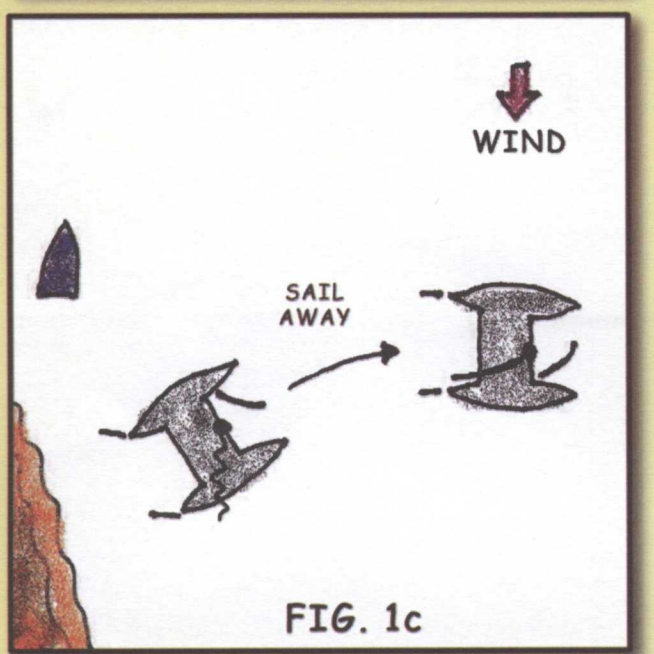


FIG. 1c

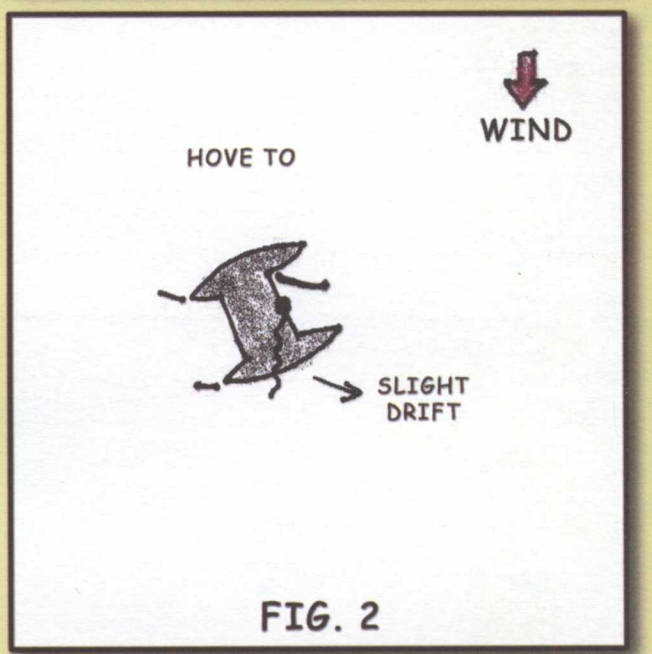


FIG. 2

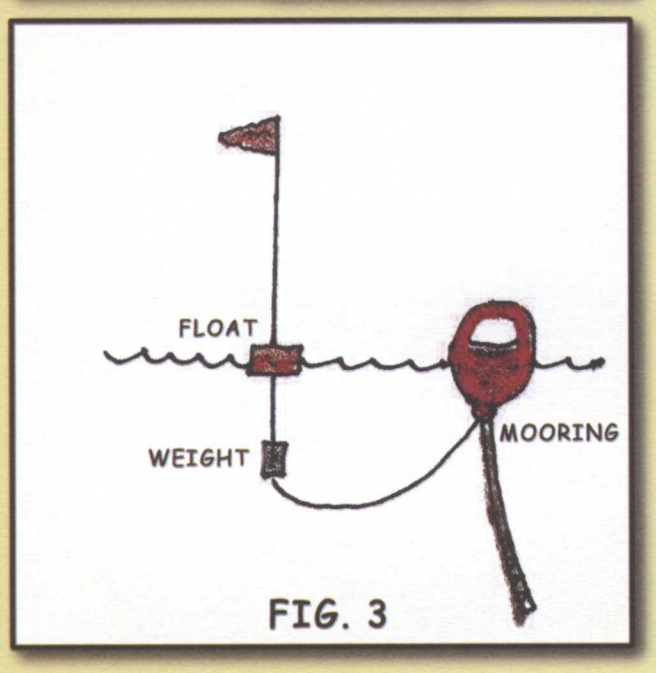


FIG. 3

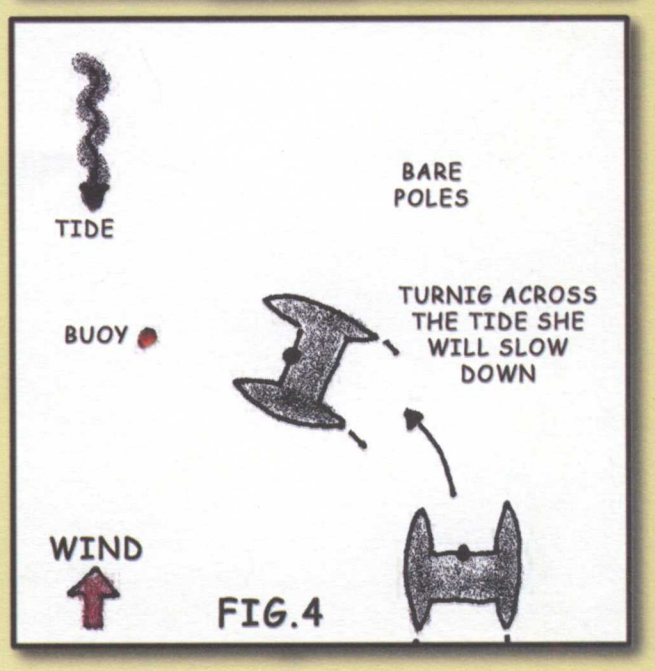


FIG.4

go forward again and line her up for another go in reverse. If the wind is strong it may want to push her off course especially when going very slowly or when you have stopped, so you need to be aware of this. Wind coming over the stern is great for going backwards as she'll lie still when stationary, however if the wind is from the beam or forward you'll need to keep an eye on her so she doesn't go off course.

Tacking

I do a fair amount of short tacking when it's important to ensure she goes through the wind onto the other tack without stalling. To help her round I leave the jib on until it's backed, pushing the boat through the wind *(see picture below).* If timed correctly you still have time to pull the sheet in on the other side without needing to use a winch. If she does stall and you find yourself 'in irons' then by immediately reversing the rudders you can steer backwards onto the new tack.

Sailing off a mooring or away from an anchorage.

Let's assume we are at an anchorage (or a mooring) with the boat lying downwind from the anchor and there is no tide. With the wind ahead the mainsail can be raised while at anchor and left with a loose sheet without the boat trying to sail away. If the anchorage is well sheltered from the wind the manoeuvre may prove tricky, especially if it's fairly crowded or the wind is a little unpredictable

Usually there is a better way or only one way out of the anchorage due to other boats being nearby or because I've anchored close inshore. *(see FIG.1a.)* The trick here is to ensure the boat will sail the way you want to go once the anchor is up.

If someone is anchored behind you or to one side then this manoeuvre is not possible as there isn't enough room.

Get the boat ready by raising the main but leave it un-sheeted. Pull in the anchor until it's almost free but still holding and get the jib ready to back.

I find the critical part is just before getting the anchor up. I try to ensure the wind is slightly over the starboard side or the boat is just skewing to port in our example as this will help the boat to drop back in the desired direction. I pull the anchor up, reverse the rudders and back the jib (i.e. pull it out to port and hold it there as it helps push the front of the boat over the way we want to go). She will now drop back. *(see FIG.1b.).* When the wind is coming over the side of the boat the sheets are pulled in and we're off sailing in our desired direction as in FIG 1c.

Hove to

The boat will settle very well by backing the jib, letting the main out and pushing the rudders right over *(see FIG.2).* My fully battened main will lie quietly and the boat will have a little leeway and may crawl forward a little depending on wind strength. Having lunch this way even in a fairly crowded harbour is possible. However, in open water with larger waves it can change the movement of the boat which has been known to bring on sea sickness for some of my crew, not ideal for a lunch stop!!

Picking up a mooring under sail

I've had several nice comments from sailors at the club were I keep the boat about my skill in picking up the mooring single handed under sail. Of course being mono-hull sailors they don't realise just how wide these boats are. How could anyone miss a mooring, unlike a mono-hull that needs precision guidance to get the pointy bit near the buoy!

However, the downside of such sleek slender hulls is getting her to stop at the right moment without running over the buoy. This bit does take skill and I find it easier in stronger winds. However, there are several things I do to make it easier.

I approach the buoy almost on a close reach just using the main. This way I can dump wind easily

to slow her or get a little more speed by pulling the sail in. With no jib the foredeck is also clear of flapping sails and sheets.

My main 'break-though' on picking up my own mooring came when I saw someone else using a fisherman's marker. This is a stick with a float about 2/3 thirds of the way down and a small weight at the bottom. It's attached to the pick up buoy by a short rope coming off the bottom of the stick *(see FIG.3.)*. By using this I don't have to use a boat hook to pick up the buoy. The advantage is that you can see where you're heading right up to the buoy and when you're there you just have to pull the stick on board and tie off. Even if I've misjudged the speed and am travelling too fast it's still easy to pull the mooring on board. Using a boat hook I would have missed it and my reputation would be shattered.

Wind over Tide

When picking up a buoy with wind over tide I approach downwind and up tide with just a jib. However it's very difficult to stop the boat even with no sail as the wind will easily push the boat over a strong tide when she is in line with the tide. Therefore, I approach the last bit bare poles (i.e. no sail at all). I aim to turn before the buoy so I can put the boat side onto the tide which evens out the wind verses tide force *(see FIG 4.)*.

You therefore have full control (well never say full control in sailing) by adjusting the angle of the boat to the tide and wind. More angle and the tide pushes you into the wind, less angle and the wind pushes you over the tide.

Going aground

The obvious advantage of two long V hulls is the ease with which she takes the ground, even if accidental at speed. The waters I sail in are gently shelving with a sandy or muddy sea bed so I don't have any particular worries about grounding her.

My echo sounder is usually fairly good and accurate to a depth of 1 metre; any less and it goes bananas. After passing the metre contour I generally resort to looking over the side to see if I can see the sea bed and judge when it's time to tack before grounding. If I misjudge it and touch bottom I may be lucky and still be able to steer through a tack and out to deeper water.

If you do go aground accidentally or you are waiting for the tide to come in and want to get off early then the draft can be reduced by moving all the available crew (skipper included) to the very the tips of the bows.

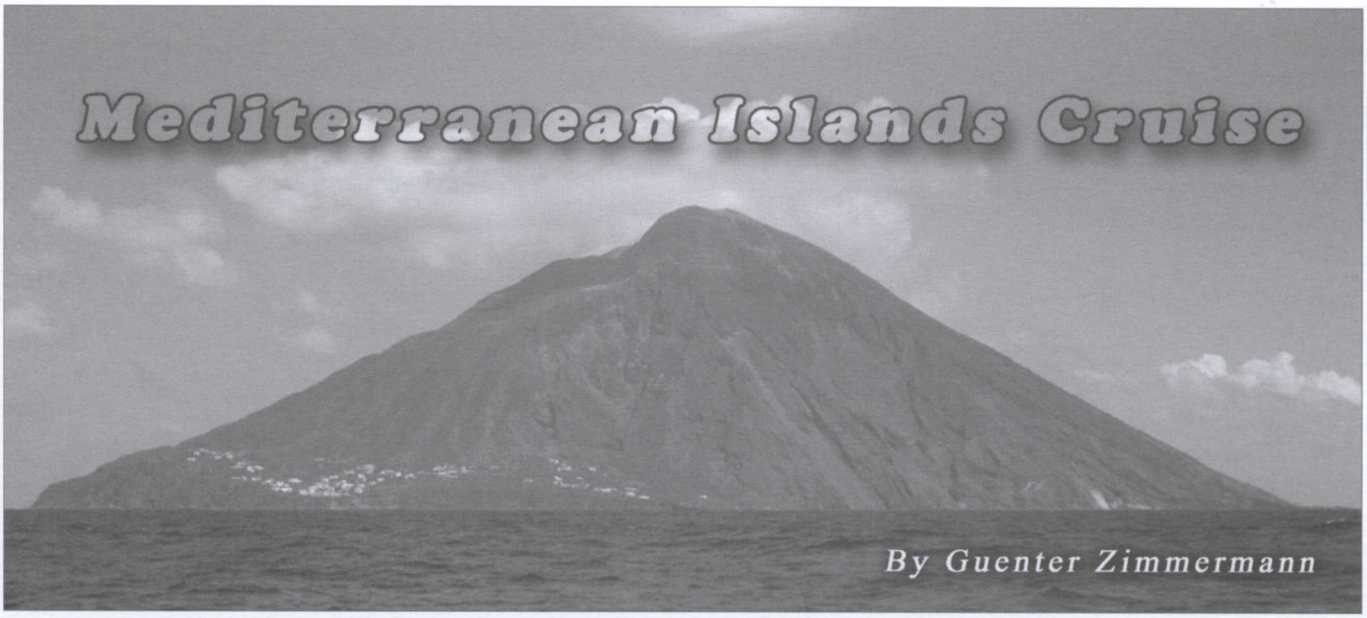
I have used this tactic when coming into an anchorage with a gently sloping sea bed. With the tide going out and assuming I want to go firmly aground I'll leave the motor gently in forward and point the boat to the beach. If everyone goes forward right to the tips of the bows she'll gently go aground. When the crew move back to the centre of the boat she'll be firmly aground with less tendency to bounce in the waves while the tide goes out.

When intending to dry out at anchor where I know the tide will change direction by 180 degrees I will put in two anchors, one forward and one aft in the direction of the tide. This will ensure that the boat won't scrape along the bottom when the tide turns. It also stops the possibility of an anchor fouling, and stops the boat bottom rubbing along the seabed, anchor or chain and waking up the crew in the middle of the night.

I hope you've found these few ideas informative and helpful in understanding these boats and their characteristics. I'm also hoping that some readers may be inspired to write of their own experiences of handling various Wharram designs so that we can read about them in future magazines.

Finally, I'd like to apologise to my crew and the skippers of boats in close proximity who may have had scary moments in my quest to master these tactics.

Paul Barnett
Tiki 26; Madgic



From Portugal via Spain and Italy to Greece

This year we returned to our boat by car on May 21st. We had left it in El Rompido, Southern Spain, west of Gibraltar last year. Like every year the sailing season started with a lot of work. On May 30th when the most urgent things were sorted out we transferred "Anna Sophia" to the "Catamaran Bay" of Ilha da Culatra in the lagoon of Faro/Olhão in Portugal. The trip was unpleasent motorsailing and partly battling against a gusty force 5 westerly wind under engine power alone. At midnight we had reached the southern entrance of the lagoon at Santa Maria and at 2 a.m. the tide was high enough to slip into the bay, anchor and go to bed.

Here in Culatra we met our old friend Nicola again, the Sicilian buddhist and psychologist from Trapani, with his Pahi 42 and we came to know his new girlfriend from Bergamo, a quite unusual connection between Northern and Southern Italy. (For Nicola Northern Europe starts in Naples!!!) The big advantage of working on the boat in the "Catamaran Bay" is the fact that the bay falls dry for approx. 6 hours at each low tide. We had to renew the 12 lids of the cockpit (10 for the lockers and 2 for the engine well) as they had started to delaminate in the tropical sun. When we had built the cockpit I had taken the weight problem too serious and had used poplar plywood for the lids instead of marine grade okumé. Now we had brought 11 prefabricated and epoxy coated lids of proper 12mm okumé ply down to the boat. Lid No. 12 had to be replaced already last year in Martinique but was not painted yet. We had to fit the lids into position, coat the necessary cuts and then paint them with white 2-pack-PU paint. This was problematic as the weather was cold and rainy until mid June.

The most important innovation was a mechanical anchor winch. We had chosen a Lofrans Royal and 40 m of 8mm galvanised chain plus 30 m of 14mm nylon rope for our 16kg Buegel anchor. Part of the foremost starboard locker in the cockpit had to be converted into a chain compartment and the winch mounted on top. A vertically mounted rubber roller on the walkway leads the chain into the centre line of the boat and to the anchor roller. So when sailing we have the weight of the chain near the centre of gravity to avoid excessive pitching. The extra weight did not reduce the sailing performance at all. Wharram catamarans, even the smaller ones, are much better weight carriers than commonly assumed. I should have decided for this anchoring device years ago before damaging my back by pulling the anchor by hand.

On July 5th I handed the boat over to our son-in-law, Hannes. For the first time "Anna

Sophia" had another skipper. His nickname in the family is now "Capitão João". Together with our daughter Barbara and the two grandsons Liam (16) and Fabian (14) he sailed the boat to Cádiz. Meanwhile we spent two weeks sightseeing in Portugal and then visited our friends Bertrand and Marie Hélène Fercot at their home in Sizun, Brittany and sailed with them on their Tiki 30 "PHA" again as we had done in 2005 in Martinique, this time on the river Aulne before returning home to Austria.

Meanwhile the new "Anna Sophia" crew had the first experience anchoring in a tidal river at Tavira (Portugal). Then they went up the Rio Guadiana, the border river between Portugal and Spain, as far as Pomarão approx. 30 nm upstream. Back at Ayamonte (Spain) near the river mouth they sailed a long leg to Cádiz. Here Barbara and the boys left for Vienna and Willi, a friend of Hannes came on board. They sailed to Tarifa, the southmost point of Mainland Europe. After a night at anchor they had a perfect passage through the Strait of Gibraltar with a poniente (westwind) with up to 11 kts boatspeed. Then they carried on along the coast of Mediterranean Spain and from Morayra (northeast of Calpe) to the Baleares. In Mallorca Willi left the boat and Barbara came back.

On the way to Menorca weather problems kept them for two days in the north of Mallorca but then they made a fast and pleasant passage from Menorca to the southmost tip of Sardinia. They had planned to hand the boat over to Gundi and me either in the Naples area or in Calabria near to the Strait of Messina. But after leaving Sardinia with a promising westerly wind they got the wind on the nose before they could reach the island of Ustica. As their time was running out they changed course to the northern coast of Sicily and ended up anchored in the bay Porto Nuovo at Cefalú. Here they had an unpleasant adventure. When a sirocco (southerly wind from North Africa) of up to 40 kts started blowing the anchor slipped in the soft muddy ground and like all the other boats at anchor they had to go to an open bay where the anchor got hold in the sand bottom. They had a very rolly night. The sirocco converted a small local fire into a big bushfire and a huge cloud of smoke covered the coast for two days. When we flew down to Palermo on August 28th the situation was already settled, "Anna Sophia" was anchored in Porto Nuovo again and Hannes could fetch us at the airport. He had now covered 1300 nm as skipper and so "Anna Sophia" is on the way to become a family boat.

Gundi and I had always wanted to visit the Eolic (or Liparic) Islands since we had seen them from a moutain near Milazzo / Sicily many years ago. So on August 31st in the morning we raised the anchor and set course to the small strait between the islands Vulcano and Lipari about 50 nm from Cefalú. The first third of the distance we could only use the engine, the second was perfect sailing and the third motorsailing. Just before sunset we anchored in the bay Porto Levante/Vulcano north of the big breakwater among many other yachts. On the mountain slopes steam was erupting and the smell of sulfuric gases was in the air. We had reached the empire of the Greek god of the blacksmiths, Hephaistos, who was called Vulcan by the Romans. After a day of rest we moved to an anchorage just off the town and fortess Lipari, just 5 nm further north. Anchoring at geologically young volcanic islands means to go very close to

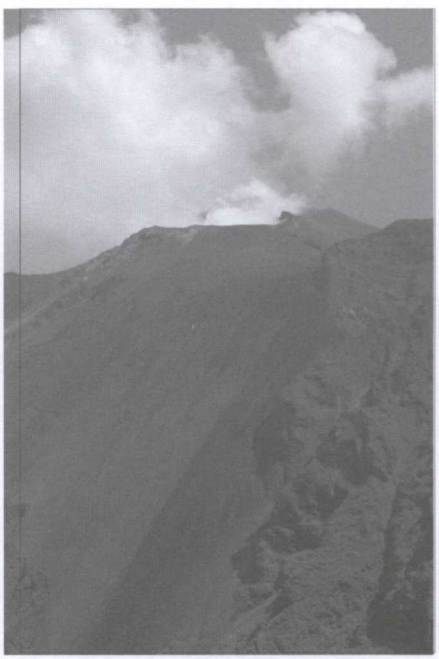
shore and so we had to use a second anchor from the stern to avoid stranding in case of a change in wind direction. The town was full of Italian holiday makers, a nice and lively crowd. We bought some food, took photographs and went to a little restaurant.

Next morning we left for Stromboli, the only really active volcano in the archipelago. It

was a day of perfect sailing passing the island of Panarea and then rounding Stromboli clockwise. When we anchored very near to the black beach at Scari, again with two anchors a group of Italian youngsters visited us on a Wharram Tane and soon afterwards an Italian Tiki 21 came along. The night was very rolly. The volcano was rather quiet and so we could not see the famous red glow in the clouds above.

Soon after sunrise we set course to the little harbour Bagnara Calabra on the Italian mainland 40 nm from Stromboli and just 10 nm from the entrance to the Strait of Messina. The very gusty wind came sternwise with 4–5 beaufort and we only used the main. The nearer we came to the mainland the stronger were the gusts and the higher the waves, some already breaking. We were blown into a big bay, a classic leeshore situation. Bagnara Calabra seemed to be a mousetrap. When we were still 5 nm out we dropped the sail and tested if the 8 hp engine would be strong enough in a case of emergency. To our relief it worked well and then the wind pushed us under bare poles with 3-4 kts towards the big breakwater. We had to keep a good distance to avoid the danger of ground swell but in the end we managed to slip into the harbour safely and moored the boat with the bows to the pier and a stern anchor. It is always a great moment when you were exposed to the elements and then all of a sudden you find yourself in the calm and safety of a harbour. We enjoyed a day of rest.

The next chapter was the passage through the Strait of Messina, one of the few areas in the Mediterranean where you have to bother about tides. The south going tidal stream (from the Tyrrhenic to the Ionic Sea) starts approx. 4 ½ hours after high water Gibraltar, the north going 1 ¾ before. In our case we had to be at the entrance to the strait about 5:15 a.m. and so we left the harbour at 4 a.m. when it was still pitch dark. The weatherforecast promised 4–5 beaufort from northwest. On the way to Scilla (on the mainland side) under engine power we had a very light wind against us. From Sicily a low dark cloud approached us. First we thought it would be smoke but soon it turned out to be a rainsquall. When it reached us heavy rain started and gusts of up to 30 kts hit us. They came from northeast and with 1/3 of our genoa on starboard we sailed with 7 to 8 kts on a reach. The sight was reduced but we could still see the lights of the coastline and the ships. Entering the Strait of Messina blind would have been a nightmare. At 6 a.m. we had reached Punta Pezzo and then crossed the traffic separation scheme under engine power. Near the coast of Sicily we sailed under genoa again. Near Messina we met several ferries but the number of freighters was much smaller than expected.



At 6:30 a.m. after passing Messina we saw the first daylight. Now we had reached the southern end of the traffic separation scheme and could set course to a waypoint on the mainland coast near Punta Pellaro. It was still raining and we were freezing in our sailing suites made for the tropics and for a hot Mediterranean summer. At

10 a.m. the rain stopped and soon after the sun dried and warmed us. We were still sailing under genoa on a reach. At noon the wind left us for an hour but at 3 p.m. we reached Capo Spartivento under full sails. Now the "Stretto di Messina" lay behind us. We carried on along the coast northwards for another two hours and then anchored off a beach near Capo Bruzano. We were dead tired and had a long and good sleep while Poseidon, the Greek god of the seas who had tortured Odysseus in this area about 3500 years ago presented us a calm night.

Our last harbour in Italy, the Marina Roccella Ionica, was now only 24 nm away. We wanted to stock up food, water and petrol (gas) there before crossing the Ionic Sea to Greece. What had looked like easy coastal sailing became a horrible sail to windward against short and nasty waves and an extremely gusty wind from NNW (gusts up to 25 kts). We had one reef in the main and 2/3 of the genoa out. The sail area seemed to be adequate but at 2 p.m. the boat started to vibrate heavily. The mast bent and the whole structure of the boat started shrieking and then we heard the noise of breaking wood. We put the boat into the wind and dropped the main immediately. The foot of the mast showed two vertical cracks but did not disintegrate. The vibrations had stopped and we could carry on to windward with full genoa. Scientifically speaking we had encountered a case of resonating frequences. Three hours later we entered the marina. Looking for a berth we saw a moored Pahi 42 and the owners invited us to their neighbouring berth that was free to the end of the month. They helped us to moor "Anna Sophia" between two finger pontoons and then invited us for coffee, a case of w.w.w.family (world wide Wharram)!!! The two were Reinmar and Christina from Munich on their boat "Amate". After two Atlantic crossings to the Caribbean and back they had settled down here in Roccella, renting a house, letting rooms to tourists and using the boat to take their guests to sea every now and then. Every year they spend a few weeks in the islands of western Greece.

Reinmar and I inspected the cracked mast foot and we both came to the conclusion that we could carry on sailing as long as we could keep the sail area small when going to windward. In the marina Roccella Ionica they don't charge for the first 5 days and water is free. It is perfect drinking water coming from the mountains behind the little town. We filled all our water containers. Electricity is not provided. On Monday September 9th in the morning Reinmar and Christina fetched us with their VW minibus and we went shopping together. On the way back we filled our jerry cans with petrol (gas). The weather forecast promised westerly winds for the next two days and so we said farewell and left for Greece at 1:20 p.m.

Crossing the Ionian Sea became perfect sailing an a reach with 10 to 18 kn wind. During the first night we were surrounded by three thunderstorm areas. One was so near that we could see the lightnings but we could stay away far enough. We had planned to make our first landfall in Greece at Argostoli on the island of Kephalonia but when we realised that we would be there during the second night we changed to the harbour of Zakynthos. Between the islands Kephalonia and Zakynthos we were welcomed by a heavy rainsquall with gusts up to 25 kn. When it was over at 6 a.m. (7 a.m. Greek time) we saw the coast of Zakynthos in the first daylight. It looked

rather like a North Sea shore than that of a Greek island in summer. An hour later we were becalmed and when we had reached the east coast of the island the engine had to cope with up to 12 kts wind against us and a pitching boat. At 2 p.m. Greek time we moored the boat under a blue summer sky alongside the old harbour wall in the town of Zakynthos like we did 8 years ago. "Anna Sophia" was finally back in Greece. We had covered 202 nm in 48 hours, 38 under sails.

Lagana Bay in the south of the island is a

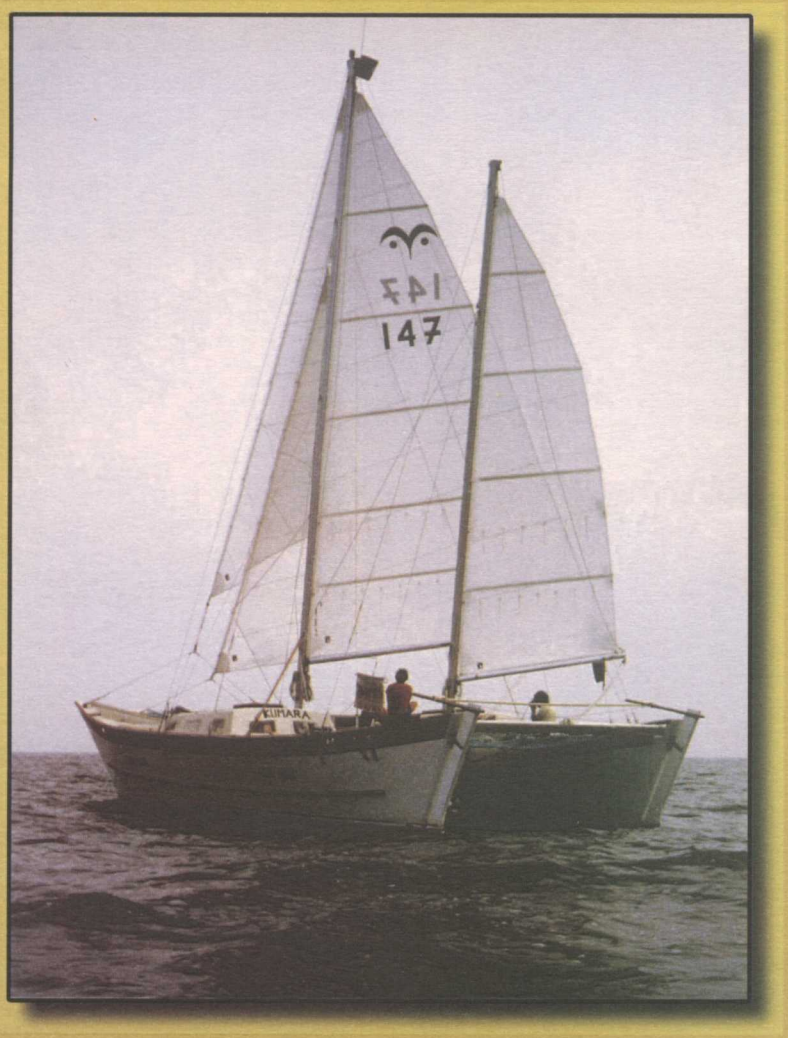
place where loggerhead sea turtles deposit their eggs. It is devided into three zones. In the eastern zone entry is forbidden from March to October. In the other two zones the boatspeed is restricted to 6 kts. Only in the western zone, west of the little island Marathonisi anchoring is permitted. Here in the bay Ormos Kerí we spent two days and then followed our route from 1999, spent a day in the lonely Strophades islands, anchored at Gialova in the bay of Navarino/Pylos, the biggest natural harbour of the Peloponnisos peninsular and later in Methóni in the southwest corner of the Messini peninsular just opposite the old Venetian fortress. In Petalidi near Kalamata (where "Anna Sophia" spent the winter 1999/2000) we visited the grave of our old friend Alfred Vogelsberger, builder and skipper of the GFK-Narai "Kalimera" that he lost in a hurricane at the island of Bequia / Grenadines in 1981. Alfred died here last April and we came to say a last farewell and to visit his son.

On the way down to Cape Tainaron we anchored for half a day in the bay Ormos Limeni on the west coast of the Mani peninsular and could see the damage the large bushfires of this summer had done, leaving the slopes all black down to the village. As the swell came into the bay in the afternoon we had to carry on to Cape Tainaron under engine power with the wind on the nose and an average boat speed of 2.5 kts. At midnight we reached the Cape. The waves were big and nasty but now we could sail on the way to Cape Maleas, crossing the Gulf of Lakonia. In the morning of September 27th we rounded Maleas and had reached the Aegean Sea. Now we headed north, passed Monemvasia and anchored in the little fjord Ormos Gerakas. Here we had spent a week in May 2000 before setting out for the Kyklades islands.

After two days of rest we carried on north, crossed the Gulf of Argolis, passed the island of Spetsai and anchored in the sheltered bay of Kilada in the Argolis peninsular. On October 2nd "Anna Sophia"was lifted out of the water by the travellift of the boatyard "Basimakopouloi". Now she rests next to the Tiki 31 "Jojo" of Josef Mayer, one of the friends of our Austrian "Wharram community" who had recommended the place to us.

Guenter Zimmermann

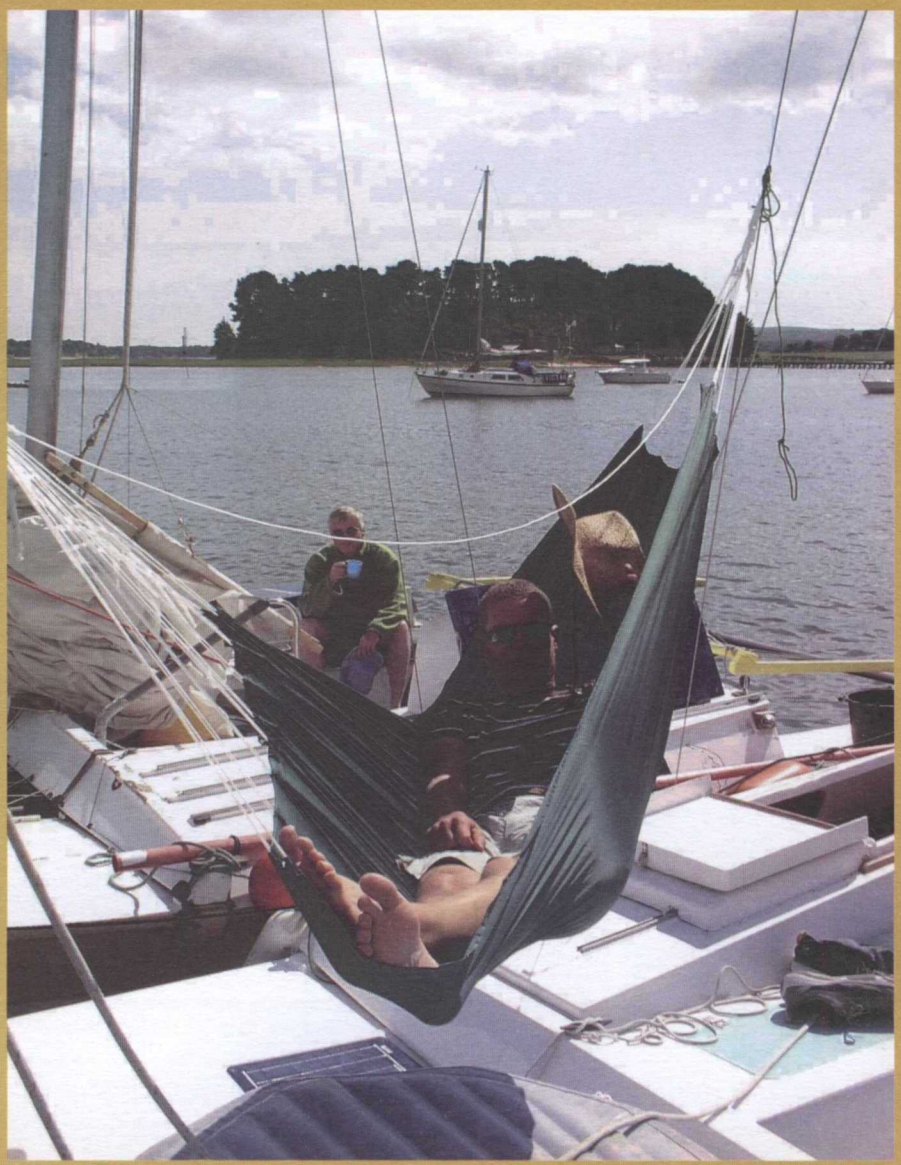
When the two hulls of the Tahiti Wayfarer obtain their independence and become two outriggers



The Narai Mk IV Kumara

Croatian delight

canoes...



Paul Lewis on Skinny Dipper and Paul Barnett in hammock on Madgic during the 2007 Poole Meeting

Tiki 30 flottilla on the Lake Kariba

News From Sea People

ITALY

TAHEKE gets some troubles in Italy.

Marc-Olivier Huet (a French PCA member) warned us as he was having some troubles with the harbour authorities of Nettuno (South of Rome, Italy).

As they were attempted to make a sailing voyage around the African continent to promote the solar oven use in place of burning the local woods they had some problems with the boat and had to stop in Italy.

They were hoping to sail again rapidly but the harbour authorities have blocked the boat (a Pahi 42) and ask for a bill of 1600 euros for only few days and 4300 euros before the end of March taking advantage of a non Italian speaking crew...

Because of this Marc-Olivier has to come back to France where he is still actually. As they don't see how to solve the problem they are thinking to sell the boat which would be a very sad news...

Ed: Even if the project of Marc-Olivier seemed a bit non realistic from the beginning that is no reason to for them to get stuck in the mire...

Italian authorithies have sometimes the very unpleasant habit of trying to get some cash money from people who don't speak their language... For some of them that could be a second salary...

Concerning TAHEKE there is absolutely no reason for an harbour master to ask a price which is much more higher than the summer one. In reality it seems that the harbour authorities are asking for a price equal to the price of two monohulls of same size during the summer months.

If some Italian members of the PCA can help our friend they can contact Marc-Olivier Huet by e-mail: huetmarcolivier@yahoo.fr or by phone at: 06 65 36 81 67 (French mobile number)

FRANCE

French PCA meet 14-15 July 2007 in the rade de Brest", Brittany

Three cats joined the French PCA meet in the Rade de Brest. The first cat to be arrived in the "Anse de l'Auberlac'h" was the Tankaroa MK4 "GOMANGO" of Robert and Martine Williams. They bought as second hand this cat a few months ago and after they have made a complete check they plan to sail to Australia. The second cat was the Tiki30 "PHA" of Bertrand and Marie Hélène Fercot and the third was the Tiki28 "TIGAKI"of Jean-Michel Bader with his friend Anne Bourgogne.

The Friday 13th in the evening, the 3 cats were anchoring for the night in the Auberlac'h cove and we had dinner on board PHA. We were all (the 6 crew members) in the deck pod due to rain.

The Saturday 14th in the morning new members joined us in the Auberlac'h cove: Benoit Castel with his son Nicolas (they drove from Paris with his Hitia17 but unhappily preferred to not sail with their Hitia), and so Pascal Petit who is building an ARIKI near Lorient and Yves Le

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Scour coming from Norway who built an Hitia14. We sailed together under a beautiful shining sky but with a very weak wind until the mouth of the river Aulne where we anchored for the night in front of a sea fruit shop where you can eat. At this

time Dominique and Nelly Naulet joined us (builders of Hitia17, Tiki21 and Tiki38) and we had together an aperitif on board. After, we all went ashore to eat a big "moule frite" (mussels + French fries) with a new member : Philippe Eudes coming from Cherbourg (owner of a Tiki26). For the night we all sleep in the cats, except Dominique and Nelly who preferred their van.

The Sunday 15th in the morning the sky was very low and cloudy, Jean-Michel and Anne sailed away toward Brest and all the others on board GOMANGO and PHA sailed (with engine) the Aulne river until the mooring of PHA 5 miles

away where we eat together onboard GOMANGO coupled with PHA.
After the end of the lunch, Bertrand drove all the members who were coming by road to rejoin their cars and at the end of the afternoon we visited the Tiki46' building of Bertrand and Marie-Hélène. To close this meet we had all together, except Dominique, Nelly and Philippe, a dinner in the spherical wood house of Bertrand and Marie-Hélène.

Next year from 11th to 17th July 2008 will be the international marine festivity of Brest, so we hope a lot of Wharram cats of all countries will join us to make a big Wharram flotilla.

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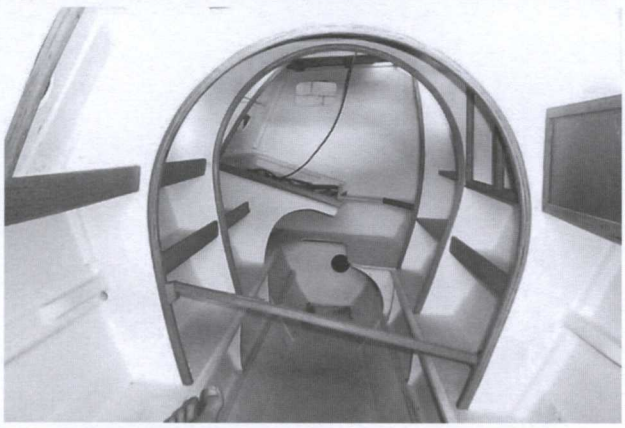
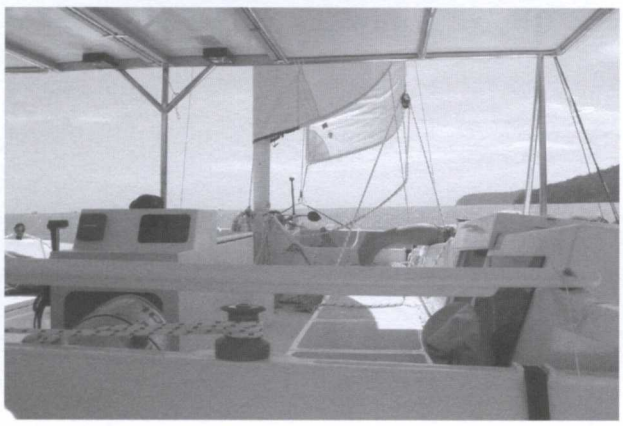
THAILAND

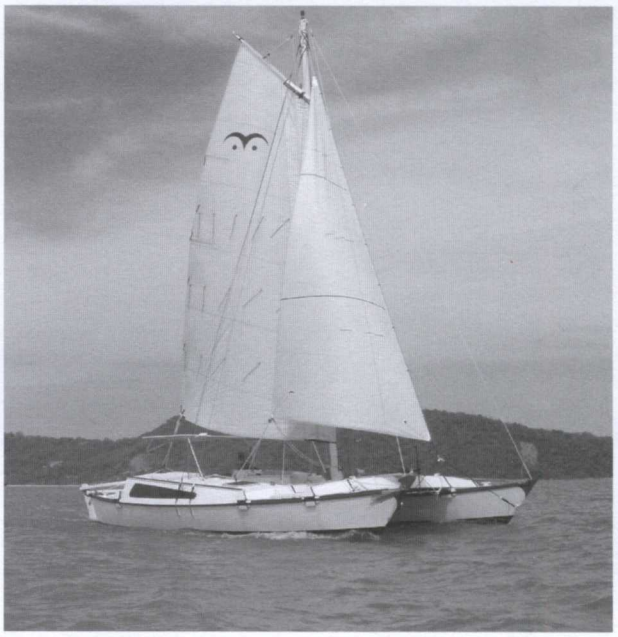
Hello,

Here some pictures of WaveDancer. The boat was built by Gunther Nutt and Roger Diggelmann in Phuket. As from 2008 we'll start extended cruising in South-East-Asia. I plan to cruise slowly through the Andaman sea, then later Malaysia, Indonesia, Philippines, Pacific etc.
Fair winds!

Markus Immer







Ed: A nice boat for which we hope to get some report from any sailor who will sail on board...

UK

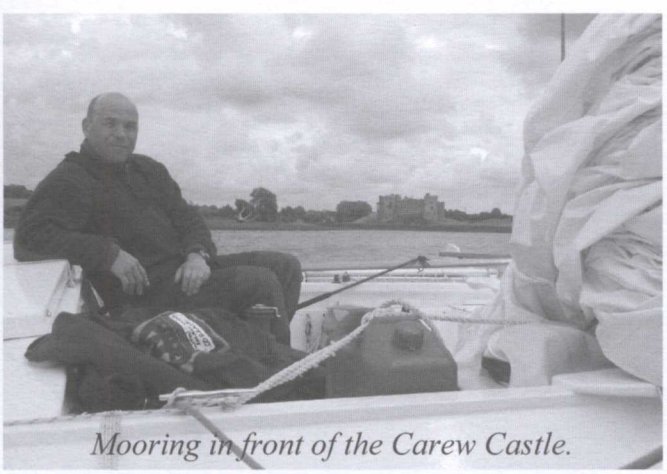
Hi,
Hope all is well with you and that the Poole meet went off well. I wasn't able to sail till Monday evening because of other commitments....but as the weather was pretty good we went for it and managed an out and return to Weymouth which was fun. On the way back past Ryde we were lucky enough to have three Bottlenose Dolphins come and play. It was our first experience of sailing with Dolphins under and around Nolan. What a wonderful experience. I must admit I

jumped as the first one surfaced not 5 feet from me totally unexpected! Luckily Pauline had a camera handy and managed to get a few images.

Gordon Walker

Hello,
Had a 7 day sailing trip. The weather was so bad we only made it to Milford Haven which was a 12 hours crossing from Bideford. Once there we were stuck for 4 days so spent the time exploring the Cleddau River. Saw Dolphins on the way over and Puffins on the way back.

Jeremy Slack



Mooring in front of the Carew Castle.

UK / FRANCE

A Dream comes true.

I first heard about Wharrams in Pembrokeshire - we were staying in an old rectory B&B and our host was an avid collector of boats - from 1940s onwards. In a tent he had an old I guess 40' classic design Pahi - he told the story of JWs atlantic crossing with two girls. Intrigued I looked Wharram up on the web and knew one day I would get a Wharram.

Stop in the Carro Harbour

Up until that point my sea sailing had been mainly Wayfarer camp cruising complete with boom tent - using my father-in-laws old boat, I would go with some pals along the South Devon coast avoiding the busy spots, and finding little creeks or jetties to camp on - four of us trailed two boats one year to the Scilies and spent the week exploring and camping on board - magic and so simple.
And then I found Enticer (Tiki 26) on the Scott Brown brokerage - she looked perfect, complete

The team

News From Sea People

with tent and outboard, and in France near the Med – maybe a family cruise would happen after all. I bought her over the phone after speaking to the owner, a charming half French, half English man who has now become a great friend. Down I went with two mates 6 weeks later after doing the paperwork - her initial launching was pure comedy - we put her in the water and went off for lunch..and yes came back to find one hull 10" lower - a screw hole hadn't been filled.. no worries, easily fixed and we were off exploring the Camargue coastline. Yes, she was just perfect.

Three months later we returned as a family. Our family cruise won't go down in the records for distance but with three young children the objective was just to ensure no one got scared or put off. The boat had been kept in a yard called Navy & Service in Port St Louis at the mouth of the Rhone – very friendly and economic. The sailing in the bay was perfect - protected by a massive sand bar there is an area of several square miles of shallow water -perfect for us to get our reefing drills sorted and generally get comfortable, but being at the mouth of the Rhone, it gets the full force of the Mistral. So we had a terrific amount of wind with F4 & F5+ most afternoons - I am afraid to say we had two reefs in the main and half the genoa - Enticer was like a racehorse with one leg tied behind her back! But the children loved it and felt safe - outside the bay there is the Golfe de Fos with all the big ships coming into the refineries - not everyone's cup of tea but I loved the contrast - here the wind and sea would be bigger, the lashing would start to creak and the deck got wetter. When the wind really got up it would create clouds of carbite from the docks.

The young skipper.

So when we all felt happy the big day came for our trip across the bay (16 miles) to the port of Carro - a basic but charming fishing harbour - for our first night in our tent!

We found and entered Carro easily but there was nowhere to moor - a return across the bay was unthinkable - the Capitainerie was closed, so we sneaked in among the local fishing boats and reached the beach in the centre of town, running a stern line to the beach and using a sturdy looking buoy we moored up and made camp to the amusement of the locals. Unbeknown to us it was someone's birthday and there was an all night game of boules – until 3.00am - still we were all tired and happy as we squeezed all 5 of us on board.

The rest of the time we made great day trips, exploring, fishing and picnicking - and the whole family want to come out again!

Johnny Martin.

Ed: a nice family story and also the witness that the difference between the real world and the dreamed one is often the mesurement of the man's will...

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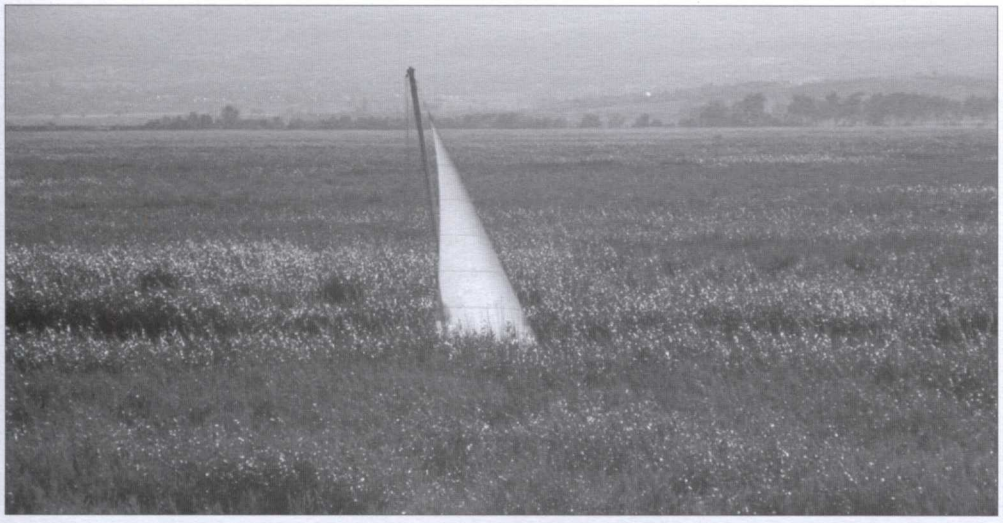
AUSTRIA

We had our Austrian Summer meet from July 6th to the 7th 2007 at the Neusidlersee. Quite the opposite to the last 2 years, this years meeting was again blessed with good weather and a good number of folks and boats attending. It was a permanent coming and going and we had again 10 Wharram catamarans attending and also newly completed boats (eg Tiki 26 ALLEGRO). Highlight was the social meet in the Harbour Restaurant, where we could see the incoming boats navigating thru the reeds channel and the watch the fleet rafting up.

Gerald Winkler

Some of the participants crowd in the cockpit.



Left: A very strange scenery where the boat seems to sail on a reeds sea.

Below: Again, an example of what can be a Wharram meeting very well organized as Gerald gets us used to it.

News From Sea People

AUSTRALIA

'Quirky' up a creek but with a paddle.

Greetings from the NW Cape on Australia's west coast. It was here that two 21ft Tiki catamarans, 'Quirky' sailed by Tim and Anna and 'Alaya' sailed by author, finally got together for a 3 day adventure on Exmouth Gulf.

Exmouth township, on the NW Cape of Western Australia, was originally built as a support town for a US Naval Communications Base but is now more recognised as the northern gateway to Ningaloo Reef, a little known but world-class fringing coral reef. The more famous Great Barrier Reef is on the east coast of Australia.

NW Cape forms a broad peninsular with the Indian Ocean and Ningaloo Reef to the west and Exmouth Gulf to the east. The Gulf is some 22nm wide and 37nm long, open to the Indian Ocean to the north and home to dolphins, turtles, dugongs and manta rays. Migrating hump-backed whales and their calves are also seen in winter as they make their way back to Antarctic waters.

Anna with Tim following on Quirky

Quirky and Alaya set sail from Exmouth in a 15 knot southerly breeze, heading east to Y Island, one of the many Gulf Islands. It's a pleasure to sail in the company of a same class boat with similar boat speed. Some fine photos were possible as well as some socialising as we were able to hop between boats whilst under sail. Y Island is small but provides good protection so we decided to stay for the night, especially after discovering many large oysters on the exposed reefs.

Next morning with a freshening SE'ly breeze we continued east to take shelter behind Tent Island on the eastern side of the Gulf. Tent is a much larger island but is really only separated from the mainland by mangrove channels. We sailed up the first creek and were so enjoying the calmer waters pushed on to see how far we could get. Eventually the all important creek width of 21 feet was approached so we had to decide whether to risk going on and not being able to turn around or turn now. Didn't fancy a night with midges and mosquitoes for bed buddies, nor having to sail backwards so we did our 5 point turns and headed back on a falling tide.

The main difficulty encountered by the engineless Quirky was when the meandering creek inevitably turned to face into the wind. Tim and Anna

Quirky in the undergrowth.
Is Tim picking berries?

weren't to be stopped by a mere headwind though. With one straddling a hull paddling and fending off the occasional mangrove the other steered. Alaya has an outboard and soon caught up but not being able to overtake I dropped anchor and waited for Quirky to get ahead. After a pleasant interlude birdwatching it was time to get going again but on trying to restart the engine the starter cord snapped! No great problem I thought – remove the engine covers and retrieve the cord. This done I was soon underway only to eventually realise I was heading in the wrong direction! Whilst I was distracted birdwatching the current had turned Alaya around and we were now motoring back up the creek! After another 5 point turn in a now rapidly emptying creek we finally got going in the right direction to eventually rejoin Quirky at anchor in the mouth of the creek.

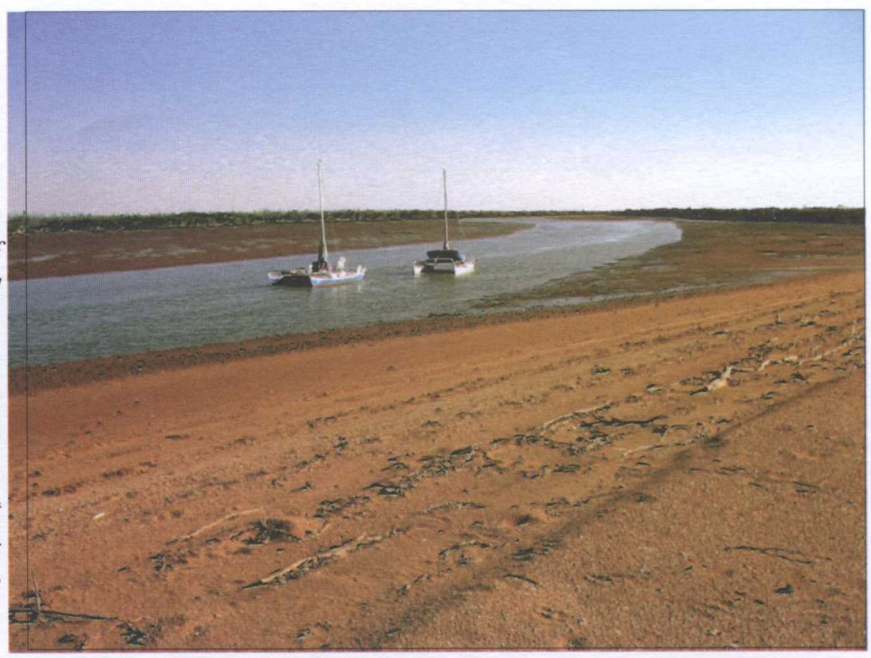
We spent the afternoon beachcombing and fishing with 3 lovely mudcrabs bagged for dinner. That night a full moon rose over the now flooded creek ending what had been a memorable day of sailing and shared adventure.

Next morning we reluctantly headed for home on a broad reach and some close encounters of the whale kind. Alaya was all too soon back on her mooring but Quirky continued on down the west coast to surf the many Ningaloo Reef breaks (well Tim and Anna actually).

Rob van Leeuwen

Up: Tim & Anna on Quirky

Below: A creek anchorage at low tide.



PS. Tim and Quirky appeared on the cover of SeaPeople No.59. They made this set of sails on a couple of scavenged sewing machines - not bad for a first attempt at sail making.
Tim and Anna and Quirky are legends around these parts having made a successful ocean crossing between Dampier, Australia and Ambon, Indonesia in pursuit of the perfect wave and then back again having survived a lightning strike that blew a hole in one hull at the waterline

Hints & Tips

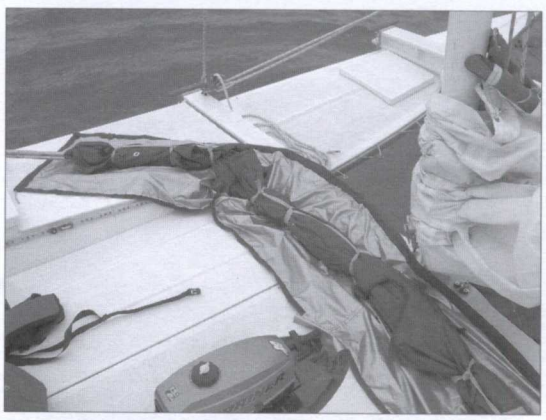
Waterproof deck tent

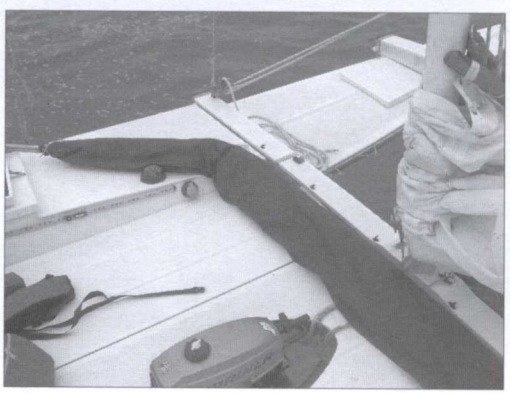
At the end of last season our pram hood style tent on our Tiki 21 'Nolan II' started to come apart due to age and ultra violet degradation so we (well Pauline mostly, with me just holding, pinning and often just getting in the way) set about making a new one.
After many hours of discussion with me proposing lots of modifications, and Pauline patiently explaining exactly what is and what is not possible with fabric, we ended up with just a few modifications to the tent shown on the Tiki 21 plans. Making the new tent wasn't difficult but was a fairly time consuming process and took us about three week-ends and several evenings using a heavier domestic sized sewing machine.

The main modification was to incorporate a shed plate along the front edge of the tent which attaches to the tramp lashings with toggles and loops. This has stopped the very annoying steady trickle of water running across the centre deck when anchored in rain. Given the weather this year in the UK this has been a godsend. We also lengthened the rear door panel to the bottom of the rear beam, to stop the same thing from the back when forced to moor the wrong way round in harbours/marinas. These changes have really improved the quality of life at anchor especially when the weather is not what you had in mind.

The second alteration was to make an improved (mark 2) cover for the tent, so that it doesn't fill with water when sailing and more importantly protects the stowed tent from the less welcome effects of the sun when on the mooring. This cover is made from aluminised PVC and is zipped onto the folded tent. The mark 1 was a tube affair of similar material joined in the middle. It worked fine but had a nasty odour when folded at the base of the pram hood frame owing to the local cormorant population when the boat was left unattended.....if you see what I mean.
The mark 2 can be cleaned off and stowed in the bow locker when not in use.

Gordon Walker





Mewsings from the ship's Cat

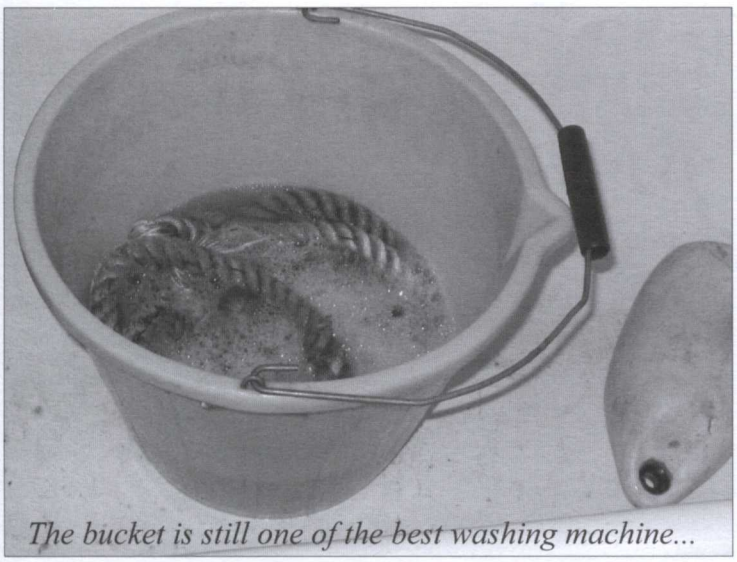
Winter is the time that many people take their boats out of the water, to protect them from the winter seas & winds, & do some maintainence. Something I have noticed over the years, is that the ropes & lashings can get a bit grimy & slimy, & so the skipper has often bought them home for washing.

This is where baths & washing machines can come in handy, baths to give the ropes a wash to get the worst of the muck off, & then washing machines to get them clean. For smaller ropes, I have found that putting them into a "trainer string bag" works a treat, it has a zipper in the top, so that it can be sealed. It is of a heavier weight than a net bag for washing delicates, A pillowcase used to be used before, but the rope often would escape , & tangle with the rest of the washing. I would also recommend sealing the ends of the ropes, else they can unravel.

For those of you without baths, buckets do just as well, though with baths, they can also be used for scrubbing fenders large & small, & rinsing sails ! A plug strainer (used to collect hair) is a boon, this will stop sand & seaweed blocking up the plughole & drains. Just make sure that those who dirty the bath, clean it after.

The net bag is really a good idea for washing in a machine the small ropes but take care of the knots making with the machine turns. Sometimes it could be difficult to undo those knots particularly if you have let dry them...

Ed note: A very good friend of mine was using another method that we could call trolling washing machine:
Each summer his last sail party was for washing and untangle the ropes. For that he was waiting a nice day with enough wind to sail up to 5-6 knots.
When he was off the coast he tied all the ropes to the boat stern and let them drag for one hour or more.
Usually it was enough to remove all the little dirty parts as mould or seaweed which are really clever for finding a place where to grow.
After that last sailing party my friend had just to rinse the ropes with fresh water and let them dry on the garden grass.
Believe me it was a very strange vision for every one encountering this boat trolling all thoses ropes. Some were asking what kind of fish he was trying to catch...
I called that method the idler snakes...



The bucket is still one of the best washing machine...

TIME TO LOOK BACK?

After Nev Clement had been rushed to the hospital with some serious problems, his wife Ann is looking back to their best years of sailors life. They are now thinking to change their life style but is it really time to say that the sailing dream is ended? Maybe not...

I moved aboard a 28 foot monohull sail boat full time in 1989 and cruised solo on the US east coast, Bahamas, and Bermuda before making the trans Atlantic in 1991. Nev joined me in England, and we sailed back to America together in 1993-4, married in 1995 and lived on a British canal barge while we built our catamaran in England. Having sailed the new catamaran to the US east coast in 2002-3, we now are typical snow birds sailing between Rhode Island in the summer and Bahamas in the winter. For me it has been almost 20 years living aboard the various boats.

Today I am 64 and I am told that is the fifth power of two in case you are maths oriented. It is the best year of my life. When I was 16 I was, like all other 16 year olds, absolutely SURE that I already knew everything that was really necessary to know in life. I remember thinking that was the best year in my life because doubt set in right after that and has increased ever since. While nursing my firstborn, I was again sure that was the best year of my life. What could be sweeter than that? Well, watching my two healthy toddlers run through the sprinkler on a sunny afternoon gave me double the pleasure a few years later so I thought that must be the best year of my life.

Then walking through New England woods with the whole family on cross country skies over new fallen snow seemed so perfect. My teenagers (by this time some were foreign born) were laughing and the air was crisp and the snow crunchy. Certainly the best year ever! Now, decades later, I remember my old boat. She and I sailed alone together across the Atlantic and shared many other voyages too. Such a dainty but tough little boat! At the time I was certain life could never get better and those were the best years.

Then Nev came to join me on my old boat. Ahh! Now we are working to make small improvements on this very big boat that we built ourselves from scratch. She's our home and our magic carpet to this romantic life we lead. On a recent warm afternoon, we were waiting for family and good friends to arrive, and it again seemed like it must be the best year in my life.

Now we are on route to the Bahamas for the winter and making new friends while waiting for more favorable winds and life is good. Sometime soon Nev and I will have to sell Peace IV so she can have a younger owner to guide her voyages and we will have to find something smaller for our old age sailing. I used to dread that move, but now I am not so sure I should. Always one good thing seems to follow another in life and there is ample reason to trust the natural changes as they roll along. Whether I have been rich or poor, or the times have been easy or hard, something wonderous has eventually come along to make my heart nearly burst with the goodness of life again and again. When I was younger, I could never have imagined that things would have turned out the way they have, or I could be happy living this way. There have been some extremely hard times as I look back over the years, but that is just the way real lives go. After weathering severe storms the soft breezes come back again and are especially sweet. That is when I find myself singing. Singing badly, it's true, but singing with real feeling and gladness none the less. As a child I could not understand the adults who sat in chairs while we children seemed to have all the fun running around getting dirty.

Now I am the adult and have all the fun of watching the little kids growing strong into the future and I am satisfied and glad to sit off to the side watching. I am now just one generation from being truly old so I study the lives of those friends and family who are older than me. With some of my own planning and assistance from wise older, and strong younger folks, I hope to find the future

just as wonderous and interesting as the past has been. A garden, sunsets, afternoon naps in the shade, perhaps a bird's nest outside my window, the purring of a kitten in my lap... These are pleasures not available to ocean wanderers, but easily found in old age on land. Certainly there will have to be a smaller boat, still capable of crossing oceans, but used mainly for shorter voyages. But selecting a smaller boat will again be a pleasure. Deciding on the rig, making handling super easy for old age sailing... it will be an interesting project and there will be all the charm small boats always have. So life goes on and on, and except for a few bumps along the way, it is pretty good. Perhaps every year is the best year in my life.

Life is good, but we grow older. We had been thinking a lot about old age and how to plan for it. House prices seemed out of sight and we did not know what to do. We looked at mobile homes, barges, and worried a lot.

Finally John Kellam told us that he did not understand our worry because he had put our names down to inherit his house many years ago... That news simply blew us away. It took several days for the full implication to set in. Our futures are assured and there is no need to worry any more about making an old age "nest" for ourselves.

This summer John paid off the last of the mortgage, put on a new roof, and a new drive way. The furnace is recent, windows too, and Nev made drains so the basement is dry. His workshop is great down there. John suggested we move in now for the summers. So we have, part time, done that and Nev built a new ballister for the front porch and did countless odd jobs. The drains are clear and we have cleaned the basement. NEV BOUGHT A LAWN MOWER!!! If you need to write us, the address forever more will be 19 Firglade Ave, Providence, Rhode Island, 02906-2623. We three get on fine, all the kids and grand kids are comfy visiting there, and the summer mooring is only 20 minutes away, so it is perfect.

So there is life after cruising and we are prepared for it even though we are now getting Peace IV ready for her annual trip south as usual. We have a new sail cover for our new main sail, and the engines are now ready for local cruising again after being off the boat for major overhaul.

They always say that a boat is a hole in the water into which you pour money... well, let me tell you about houses! LOTS more money is needed. Like property tax, winter heat bills, and much more in the way of maintenance. Our catamaran heats by latitude, has no property tax, and all the maintenance is our own work. There was no boat mortgage either. Lucky for us, the house and all its high maintenance and tax bills are still John's and we only visit him. Lucky John, the boat and all its work lists are still ours, and he is welcome to visit at any time.

But you cannot live forever on a boat. Eventually you must settle down. Now we will most likely sail another couple of years and then look for someone to buy Peace IV. We launched this boat in 2002 and have sailed over 30,000 nautical miles in her, so by now she is pretty well finished with her sea trials and we have her pretty well settled into the cruising, live aboard groove. We continue with the upgrades while trying to retain the simplicity, but admit the new electric windlass and other geriatric upgrades have been more of a help than we ever imagined. When we look back at our photos of the build, we see many pictures of Wharrams visiting us and guiding us. They designed their best boat when they made the Tiki 46 and we are lucky to have a couple more years to live aboard her.

But with our old age ashore in sight, I got two seed catalogues delivered to the house in my name and found myself eagerly leafing through the pages at all the perennials. I have started collecting small, used crystal vases and other silly things at the Salvation Army stores to put in the windows. Crystal and other glassware is forbidden at sea where broken glass could too easily get into bare feet. But now ashore it is allowed and I have been gardening most days too.

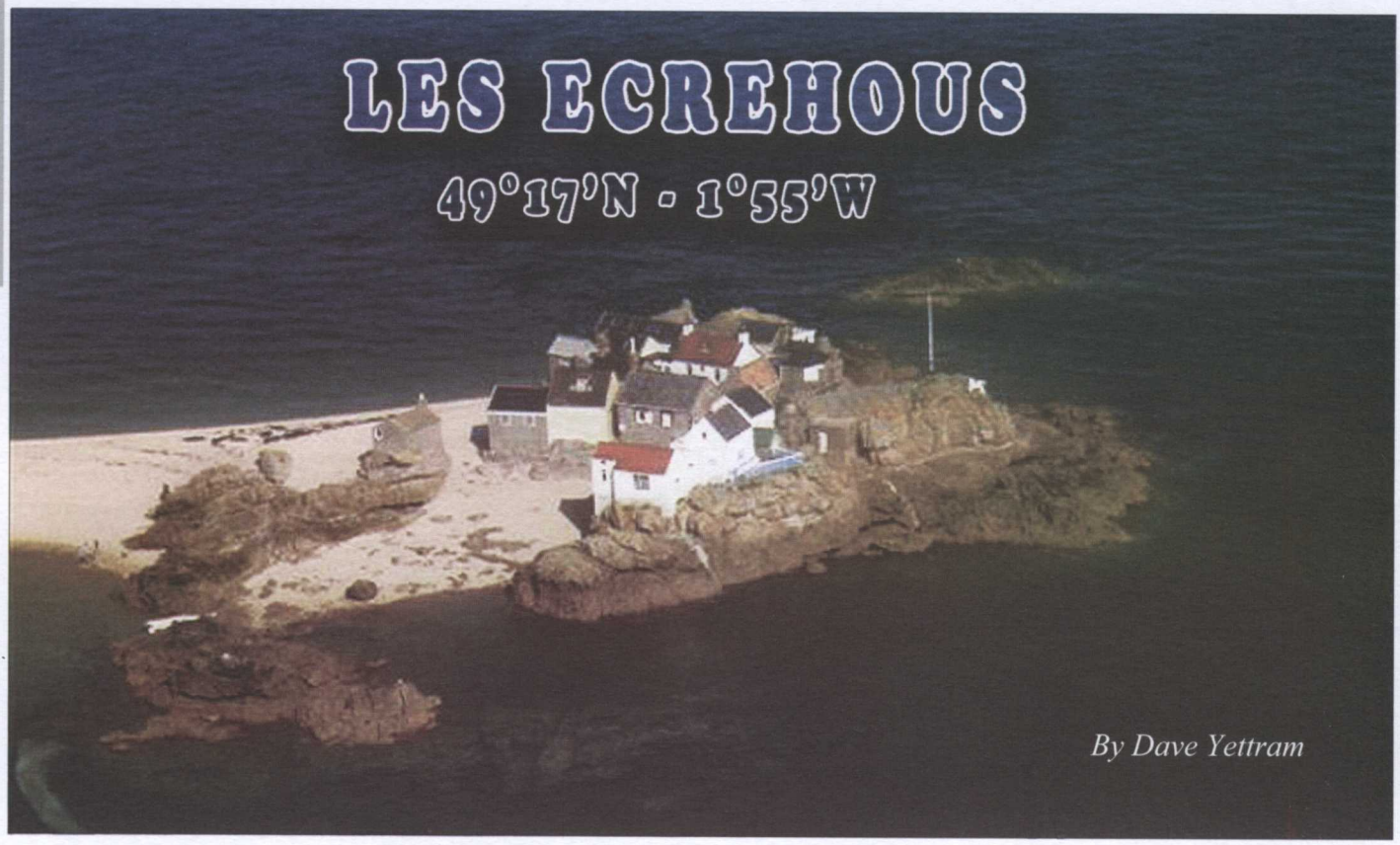
Today we finished all the house projects for this year and are now planning to be boat based again for the rest of the summer while we do some local sailing and plan for our trip south. We moved a lot of stuff to John's so Peace IV is lighter in the water and there is more room in the lockers too.

But the future is good, the present is good, and Nev just declared that it is time for a glass of wine, so I guess I will sign off now and join him.

All the best, Ann and Nev.

LES ECREHOUS

49°17'N - 1°55'W



By Dave Yettram

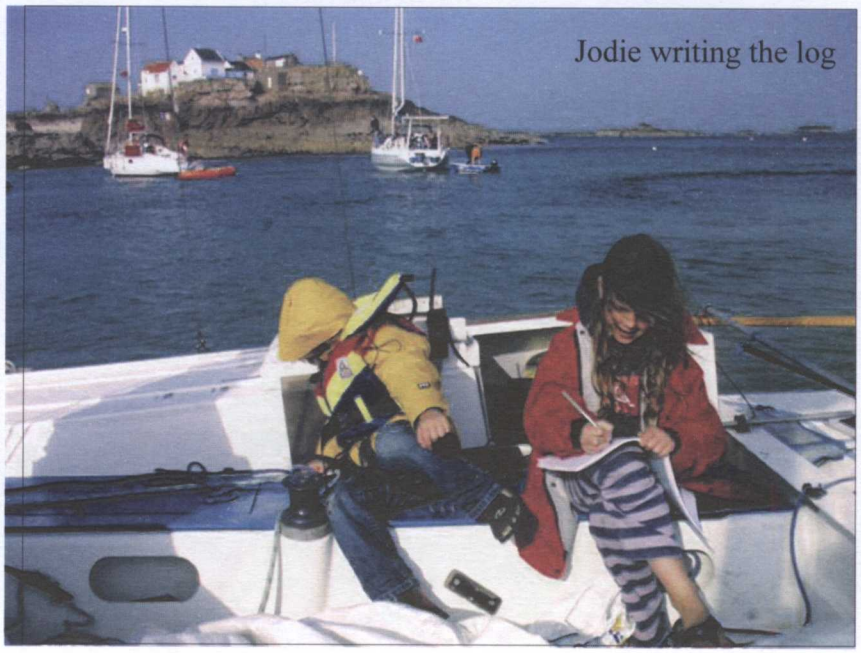
Les Ecrehous are like Nessie (the Loch Ness monster). Many have heard something about it, some have seen pictures, but very rare are those who have stayed here. Amongst them some don't want to tell anything about the place being sure that they are the only ones who deserve to come there. Some others, as Dave Yettram, write to us for sharing the amazing beauty of those tiny rocks that can give to you the impression to be Robinson Crusoe...

Les Ecrehous reef is situated mid way between Gorey Harbour on Jersey's east coast and Carteret on the Normandy Coast. Its location is ideal for a day trip from Jersey or Normandy or for overnight in settled weather, either anchoring or picking up the states of Jersey mooring buoy.

The chart and pilot books can make it look quite daunting…but it is straight forward. Imray pilot book "The Channel Islands" by Peter Carnegie (2nd edition) gives some good chartlets and aerial photos to identify the marks.

The best time to visit is in settled weather on a spring tide where LW is around 1400 hours; leaving Gorey on the morning HW to HW+2 will give North west going tide all the way. This will enable you to dry out and spend a few hours ashore and then carry on to Carteret or Portbail on the evening tide arriving in time for Moules Frites.

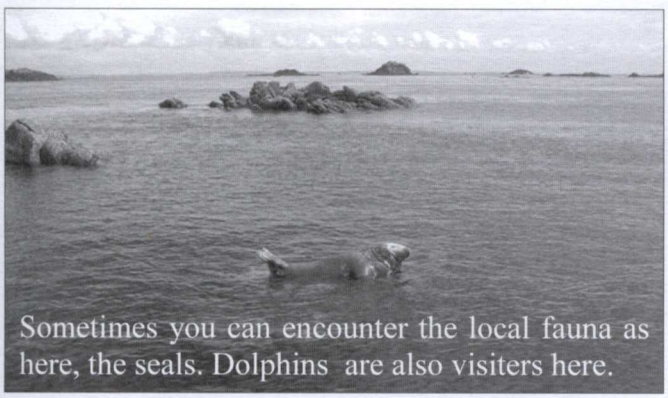
Set course from Gorey allowing for the tide, which runs up to 3 knots on a spring. On approaching the reef Bigorne rock should be kept in the centre of 2 lower groups of rocks, Grande Galere to port and Sabloniere to starboard. Once the flagpole on Marmotiere comes into line with a black board on a pole behind and white painted rock in front, turn onto this transit and follow



Jodie writing the log

down to Marmotiere. Anchor to the south of Marmotiere, either dry out on the sandbanks or in the pool where you will stay afloat. Look where you're going, the water is clear in settled weather so choose your spot well. Other boats will be anchored and owners of huts have mooring buoys. Make sure you have room to swing, especially if staying the night as the tide is strong, weekdays are best as weekends can be quite crowded. Also be careful using your dingy and swimming once the tide starts to run.

Again allow for the tide when leaving, on a rising tide you will have the tide with you going back out of the channel, if going on to France head down the transit until clear of the rocks and then head NE to cross the Ecreviere bank if the sea state permits. Aim off to the south if you plan to arrive around HW as the tide starts to run north about an hour and a half before HW especially off Cap de Carteret where it is stronger than shown on the charts.



Sometimes you can encounter the local fauna as here, the seals. Dolphins are also visiters here.

Editor's note:

For having been there several times I can just say that this place have always given to me a strange impression to be in the middle of nowhere as, by the same time, to be a very privileged people.

Very rare are the places in the world where you can find so much mix of water colours.

The strange impression of the place is emphasized by the unexpected presence of those tiny houses, some of them bigger than the rock which they rest on.

When you sail to that place, whatever the place where you come from, you will see appear those tiny islands from nowhere behind the skyline.

To stay there for more than few hours in the day, a perfect weather forecast is needed.

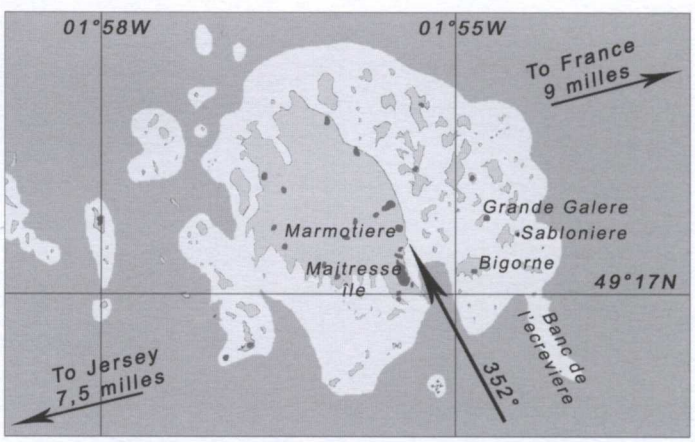
In that case you will be enchanted by the local sunset and the beauty of the sand beaches at low...

Rémy

Up: Mooring place near Maitresse-Île and to the south of Marmotiere. A very nice place at low tide.

An aerial view of the main group of islands at low water. It seems to be a place were the islands should be the houses, the shoals the streets and the moorings areas the public places...

Looking at the chart you can understand how it could be difficult sometimes to find the islands in the middle of nowhere. Take care of the numerous shoals...



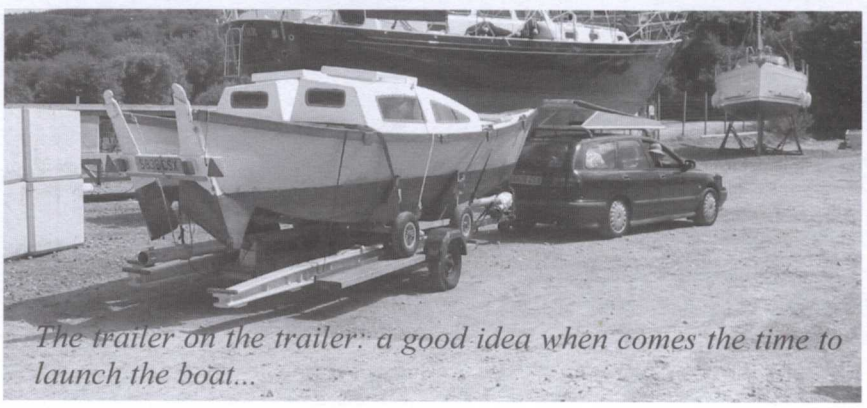
Trailers, or the great escape.
So, you have decided to add wheels to your boat. Good idea! By doing that, you will considerably enlarge your sailing area and, by the same time, you solve the winter storage problem. But there are still some questions:

Which trailer to choose?

For our little multihulls (trailing a Wharram cat upper than 30 feet long is not a realistic project for a common car) which could be dismantled the choice of the trailer is just depending of the weight and of the length of the boat. The beam is not a problem because (depending of the local regulations) a dismantled cat is not so wide. For example, in Europe, where the regulations are no more than 2,55 meters wide for being allowed to be trailed, it might be possible to trail even a Pahi 31 (the two hulls side by side gives a beam of 2,54m) if you are considering only this characteristic. So, there is still the weight problem and it is not reasonable to think to trail a Pahi 31 because (empty weight of 1.5 tons) that means a total weight (trailer included) about 2 tons which is not realistic for a common car…

To determine the real weight of your boat you must take care. It is well known that most of the amateur builders underestimate their sailboat weight. Most of the time that underestimation is about 15% or a bit more. And you have to estimate also the gear weight and the personal luggage you put on board. Even if you order a trailer from a professional trailer factory the empty weight of this trailer (after having added some equipment) is often heavier than the production model. It will be clever to take a security margin by choosing a model with a live load a bit higher than your requests.

So take care of the weight because, usually, it is



The trailer on the trailer: a good idea when comes the time to launch the boat...

A four wheels drive is the best on a slippery slipway.

not a joking matter of the policemen who are only considering the real total weight which they estimate themselves with their own instruments.

Single or double axle?

For the total weight in charge under 1 ton a single axle is preferable.
At more than 1.5 tons it would be wiser to opt for a double axle trailer.
Between those cases you can hesitate. The double axle has the advantage of having a better weight distribution and a better stability on the road.

Brakes?

Here it very simple: heavier than 1400 pounds a trailer must be equipped with automatic brakes. That is the law in most of the countries. It is just a matter of security, the automatic brake being a brake which operates automatically each time that the trailer will be in situation to be a danger for the pulling vehicle (on a down-slope for example).

What is your program?

For a very casual use and/or a boat under 1400 pounds a basic model can be sufficient. For an heavier boat, a long route or a frequent use it would be wiser to choose a strong model.

What car?

When you have evaluated the weight of the trailer/boat couple, what about the car choice? If you are almost at 1 ton (or more) you need at least a 100 hp vehicle to be safe. A diesel vehicle having a best torque at low revs is the best. The rear wheel drive is a plus as the roadholding is reinforced by the draw bar weight. Conversely a front wheel drive can spin on some slipways. A utility vehicle (or a van) has three advantages: it reduces the wind resistance of the boat on her trailer, it is possible to stock in it all the gear which normally would overload the boat (like anchors, chain, tender, and so…) and, finally, if the vehicle is fitted out you can use it as a camper van. The camper van & trailerable boat is the best couple if your aim is to explore the coastline with a small sailboat.

Driving with a trailer.

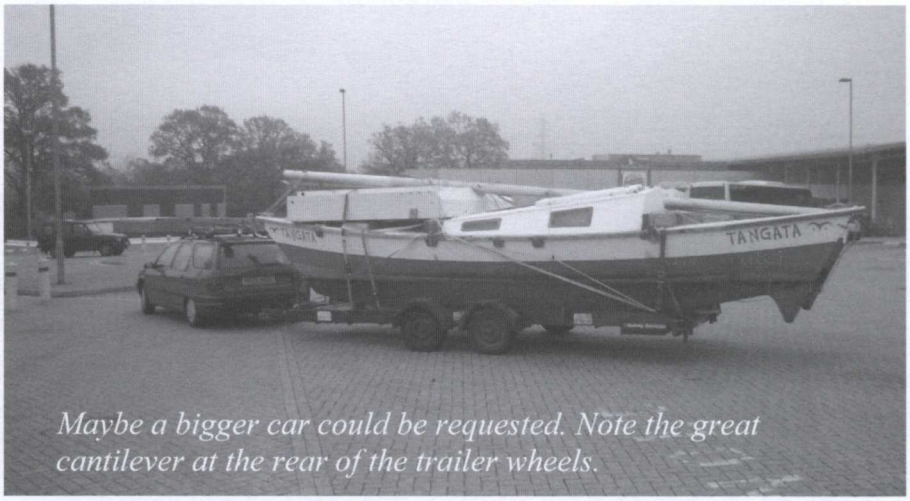
Before to set off.

You cannot imagine the number of mistakes which are done at this point. For example, a good friend of mine have driven almost all the way to the sea with the parking brake of the trailer tightened. He only realized the thing when he stopped the car at the gas station 47 kilometres before arriving at the destination because of the smell of burned rubber…
So check everything before to live. The parking break for example but also if the trailer is well hitched to the car with the security chain in place. Have you plugged in the cable for the number plate lights. Check also the straps tightening. Check visually the tyre pressure and if you have any doubt go to the service-station…

On the road.

The main rule, for a safe driving, is to keep in mind that you are driving a vehicle which (in relation to the vehicle you normally drive):

- Is not much powerful, accelerates slowly
- Brakes much more slowly as well
- Is very sensitive to the exterior elements



Maybe a bigger car could be requested. Note the great cantilever at the rear of the trailer wheels.

Think to distribute the charges between the trailer and the vehicle...

(side wind, rain…)

- Is very bulky (often more than 40 feet long).

The repercussions on your driving style are obvious. You will have to reduce your speed. The lack of power when you accelerate means that you need to have much more space behind and in front when you want to overtake. Keep in mind also that the engine braking is less effective.

But the real danger could be some rhythmic moves of the trailer which can become amplified and disrupt the stability of the whole coupling: rolling and pitching…

The second rule is just a recommendation for driving cool to avoid some situations that would lead you to have a brutal reaction

Manoeuvring.

Here, only two types of manoeuvring: forward and back. For forward manoeuvring, keep in mind those two things:

In a reduced radius of a turning circle the trailer wheels will turn with a much more reduced radius than the car's one.

The other thing is that the trailer could have a great cantilever at its back which will sweep across the turning area and may cause some damages around…

For a rear manoeuvre just remember that the trailer will turn in the opposite way of the car.

To launch the boat you just have to place the coupling in the axle of the slipway and to engage the rear gear. Then let the coupling going slowly until the trailer touch the water. If you have thought to everything with a good preparation your cat will float soon.

The right slipway might have a gentle slope and to have enough grip for the car wheels.

To conclude this article I just want to tell you how a trailerable boat on its trailer can considerably extend your sailing area. You will never have again any problem of harbour place availability. One day you can decide to sail along the South coast of England and if it is too rainy just put the boat on its trail and let's go to the sunny Mediterranean coasts.

A recent study from the French nautical industry union has showed that the days of sailing average in a year for a boat is only of 38 hours. In the same time the same study has demonstrated that the owners of a little trailerable boat do sail much more than the others…

Take care of the slipway end...

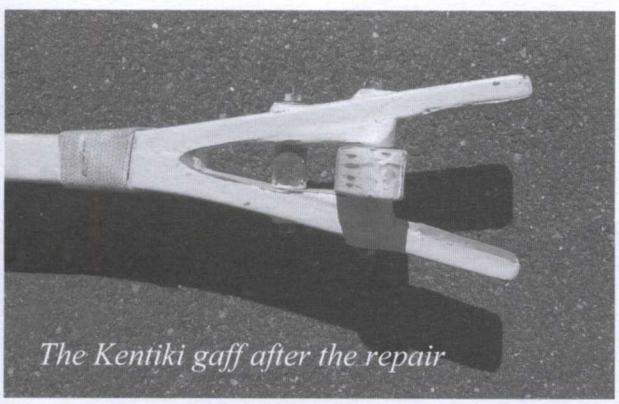
FROM THE STARBOARD HULL

When I repainted Kentiki a few years ago I also modified the gaff. The studs were fitted with a washer & nut on each end just as shown in the

The Kentiki gaff before tthe repair

plans. Unfortunately this caused crushing to the wood and allowed water to penetrate the wood. I have Skinny Dipper ashore now, preparing her for the Azores Jester Challenge and see that the same problem is evident.

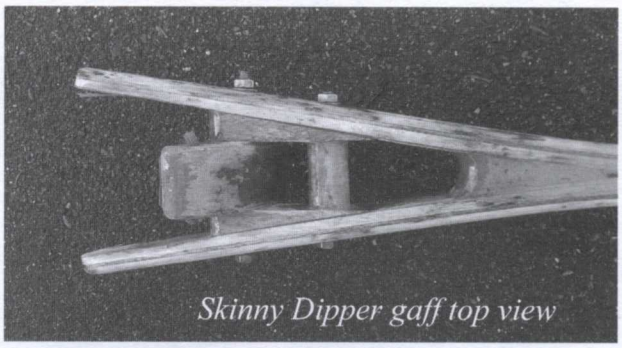
The side view shows the crushing, water penetration and the black marking where rot will start or has already started. This will all be cleaned off and the surface will be faired up. Then I will build a base for each washer and nut with either a wedge of hardwood or with surplus epoxy and filler.



The Kentiki gaff after the repair

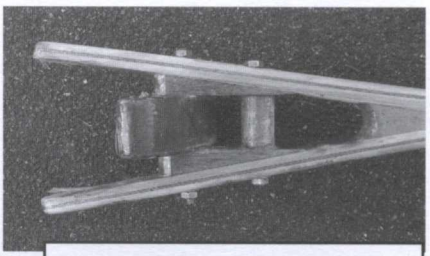
I did this with the gaff off Kentiki. First I shaped two pieces of stiff paper at the holes on one side and put all surplus epoxy there from other jobs. When it was sufficiently built up I removed the paper, rounded them off with a file and drilled a hole from the other side. I then repeated the exercise on the other side and finished off with flat bases for the washers with holes in exactly the right place. Obviously, if your studs were cut to the minimum size you will need to swap one and obtain one larger one. The Kentiki gaff photo shows the finished article. A set of four small hardwood wedges will probably be quicker but remember to fit them one side at a time.

Finally, what you must do is paint to protect the epoxy surface from ultra-violet rays. In my opinion varnish should be banned unless you are prepared to add more coats every month. The top and bottom photos of Skinny Dipper's gaff tell their own story. The top, where not covered by the



Skinny Dipper gaff top view

sail shows that not only has the varnish vanished but the epoxy has degraded. This wood can and has got wet. The under photo shows the same problem but to a much lesser extent. But it still happened! Don't think that only direct sunlight degrades epoxy with UV.



Skinny Dipper gaff, bottom view

I have a further tip for painting. When I first built and launched Kentiki, she was white. I didn't think, just followed the crowd. Even at the latitude of Poole Harbour I found that the glare from the paint work gave me headaches. So she turned blue. One advantage of this blue is that the undercoat is a light gray. The benefit from having different colours of undercoat and topcoat is that any damage to the paint finish can be easily seen, assessed and then dealt with.

Most of us have wooden boats and so long as the epoxy is intact they are going to last for a very long time. So make it easy for you to keep it that way.

Ken Hook

Ditty Bag Ditty Bag Ditty Bag

TIKI 46 "PEACE IV" IS FOR SALE!

You have read many times the sailing adventures of the Clements aboard their nice Tiki 46, Peace IV. Unfortunately, because of Nev's health problems they now have to sell what has been their home for years... Despite this sad news it is a rare opportunity to buy one of the best construction we had to know until now. We hope this nice Wharram cat will continue her life with another real boat lover and sailor...

See photographs of Peace IV at Tiki46.com and Wharram.com web sites and the PCA website.
Peace IV was surveyed 8 times by a naval architect during her build and also visited frequently by the designers James Wharram and Hanneke Boon and by the Wharrams draftsman, John Barker. She was built in compliance with the design and has had alterations approved by the Wharrams. Peace IV has voyaged over 30,000 miles including a Trans-Atlantic and been our live aboard home since launch in Britain 2002. Peace IV is British registered but duty has been paid in America so she can go anywhere in America or Europe duty free.
Building materials were marine ply Lloyd's AA okume (gaboon) and clear or better Douglas Fir and iroko. She is West System and glassed on all exterior surfaces. Masts professionally built by Noble Masts in Britain.
Equipment includes 66 pound Spade plough type anchor, Fortress 57 danforth type anchor, Ideal electric windlass, GPS chart plotter, radar, wind generator, two 9.9 outboards, Monitor windvane self steering, autopilot wheel steering, appropriate fenders, and dock lines etc. Jib new 2006, mainsail new 2007 and new foremain planned for 2008.
Peace IV sleeps 6 in 3 private double berth cabins with separate entrances and there is one smaller "double" berth in the deck house.
There is ample deck space, a large cockpit, and easy boarding on a ramp which doubles as a dinghy lift and storage platform when underway. A hard spray hood and bimini provides cockpit shelter.
Peace IV is schooner rigged, has a roller furler jib and extremely large and colorful spinnaker.
Fuel storage is 60 gallons + and water storage is 100 gallons +. Galley storage is extensive.
Ventillation includes 15 hatches and 28 vents all capable of being closed and dogged down for sea. Peace IV crossed the Atlantic in 2002-3 and makes offshore passages annually.
She will be for sale in the spring of 2008 when she will be in Rhode Island for the summer season. Offers over 200,000 dollars US will be considered.
Reason for sale: gradually increasing age and medical concerns.

Ditty Bag Ditty Bag Ditty Bag

Free advertising in the Ditty Bag for all PCA members. Boats, Plans, or bits and pieces For Sale or Wanted. Offer or seek services as captain, crew, cook, bottle washer or bottom scrubber.

****** Ditty Bag ads will run automatically for 2 issues*** *(to give other members space). If you sale, let us know and we'll pull the 2nd ad. Also please contact us if a 3rd ad is needed.*

FOR SALE

Tiki 31 "Yellow Cat" still for sale
£10,000 O.N.O.
Equipped for Blue water cruising.
Contact esthercolleen@yahoo.ie

Hitia 14 « DUO » Complete with road trailer, gaff rig, alloy mast. Ready to sail. £650 or near offer
I am based in the Wirral, North West UK
Please call Brian Probert on 07967 800853

4.2m (14ft) "Aoraki" (Described in Seapeople 35) Complete with gaff rig, alloy mast. Can be carried on 1.6m (5ft 3in) car roof bars - no trailer needed! £300 or near offer. Based in Edinburgh but could deliver as far as Lancashire / Yorkshire.
Call John Cooke on 0131 447 9157 or
email John@MarwynandJohn.org.uk

Tane 4 My *Tane LL* is now for sale with new beams, lashing like Tiki 26, more beam overall, new bridges, pod with lifting top, new cabin tops, new tillers, new raised hulldecks, etc… Price £5215/€7950
Info: www.yspweb.net/Tane4Sale
E-mail: dihobi@web.de
Dirk Hortsmann Tel: 0049 521 23 78 15

SUNDOWNER, Pahi42, for sale. I am the youth of yesteryear, I say this at 71 because I was unable to do what I intended as it took me longer than I expected. I wanted to build a Captain Cook (pahi 42) and sail her to Australia and New Zealand and spend the remaining years closer to my daughters and grandchildren who live there. Before I started to build I believed it would take me 1.5 - 2 years to have her in the water, but it took me 10 years and had to find 3 places to build her. I lived on the boat for several years and seeing she is insulated and has a hot air heater which uses diesel oil, was also comfortable in the wintertime. However, about two years ago I moved in to a flat as my body started to deteriorate and was unable to keep up with the maintenance. I now need to sell her, and like to get an offer, I don't have the finances to get the work done, but like to use what I get for the boat to travel and improve my situation. This is a opportunity for some one who can use his hands, for she has to go, I ask 30.000 euro, but she shall have to go for less if I can't get that. I can be contacted by phone 31 0320 880380, or e-mail sundower@wanadoo.nl the sundowner is at Lelystad in the Netherlands. Gerard Janssen

Tangaroa1S Hulls/decks very strongly built marine ply, cascover sheathed. Some rot under 2 beam mountings. Main cabin tops unsheathed, some rot in ends. Raised rear sleeping cabin tops are sound. Yamaha 9.9 between hulls in box under centre cockpit. Sloop rig, alloy mast, roller reefing, genoa, stainless steel rigging. 45lb CQR+51ft 3/8 chain, 25lb CQR+30ft 3/8 chain, smaal Danforth+chain. Fenders & lots of rope. A very comfortable boat. Age, health & commitments force sale. Sensible offers, ring 01208 814628, ansaphone. Speak slow & clear please. Peter Green.

I live in Darwin and have modified my pod on a tiki 38. I have a middle pod, tool boxes that go on each side of the pod and the front mast step for sale. They are professionally build so it is a shame to see them sit here when they should be out at sea and may finish cut someones project by couple of years.
Glenn Young
Outdoor Education, Kormilda College, Darwin. NT.
Wk: 8922 2525 Hm: 8945 4647 Mob 0427 816 317
GlennY@kormilda.nt.edu.au

6 inch x 27 foot aluminium mast. Made for Tiki 26 but overweight. Double sheave aft and double sheave forward integrated into spar. Professionally made by Sailspar. Rope clutches, tang backing plates and extras removed for new mast. Suitable as schooner rig for larger boat. Asking £150.00 Located N. Devon. Call Jerry Slack 01271 817477

1 Hinemoa hull for sale.
Unfinished project, part sheathed with Kevlar.
This comes complete with the plans to complete. Unfortunately for sale due to lack of time to complete. Great opportunity to get a good head start on a boat of your own for the silly price of £200.
Contact Si Belk on 01472 321753

WANTED

Contact with Tiki 38, considering purchasing but would like to get a bit of experience with the marque. Experienced sailors.
Caspar (& Kate) Holst, Devon, UK.
Casparholst@virgin.net

Tiki 30 or possibly similar
Wanting to move up from Tiki 26
Dave Yettram daveandjenny@jerseymail.co.uk
+44 (0) 1534 632060

Ditty bag is now available online via the PCA Forum see website for details www.pca-seapeople.org
If you want to add a picture or an add to the online ditty bag please send to pcapix@pca-seapeople.org

LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS...

Do send us letters and postcards, emails, telegrams and porpoise post.
It's good to hear how things are going in your part of the world, and to share your concerns.

We have a Tangaroa 4 with Tiki schooner rig ("Salad Days"). The jib has a self furler and when running downwind the bottom of the sail rubs on the sea gull striker. Could you tell me if there is a formular to calculate the height of the sea gull striker to see if I could lower it (approx 250-300mm) or can it be straighten to the vertical position, currently in same line as jib stay. I have not been able to get a clear answer from other catamarans (various other designs) on what unforseeable problems I might get with a Wharram Design.
I hope you can help.
Thank you

Murray

Murray & Rosemary Bartle
PO Box 611
(22 Young Street)
CARNARVON WA 6701

Phone: 08 9941 1613

Dear Sea People,
When I read Tony Perridge's long article in your September 2007 issue: a Love Story 'Full Circle', it brought so many memories back, that I felt that I would like to share them with you.
Yes, Tony had sold his boat a few times and then always bought it back. I also stayed on FAOILEAG several times. So I know it very well.
However, Tony wrote about so many other things that brought memories back to me. When he mentioned his first boat, a 24ft EVENTIDE bought in the early seventies, a time when RYA courses were unheard of. "you learned to sail by going out and actually doing it. With Reeds Almanac and Mary Blewitt's book on navigation together with Practical Boat Owner magazine...". This is what we did, too, on our 23'6" TANGAROA, even though this was already almost 25 years earlier!
Then it was the building of his TANGAROA MK.I, our first commercial design with the same trials and tribulations, learning step by step with help and good advice from friends and experiences on other boats, to improve the boat, to venture further and further. It is the 'learning curve' many builders go through, as long as they don't get disheartened and just give up.
Well, Tony, you succeeded, and now I am looking forward to the follow-up in the next issue of the Sea People.
Good luck to you and best wishes for the future.

Ruth Wharram

Hi,
When I took the Magazine out of the letterbox it was a nice surprise to see Tikimata on the front page. She belongs to our very good friend Meinhard Koch and I also know the former owner. In August 2005 we were invited to the boat by Meinhard and sailed with him for 10 days in the area of Corfu (from the Albanian border down to Antipaxoi). Yesterday I sent the report on "Anna Sophia's" voyage from Portugal to Greece (See page 19). It will be my last report on long range sailing as we decided to use the boat from now on in Greece only for coastal sailing and hopefully for recreation. I plan a series of small articles on the Tiki 30 design. I think I am now among the people with the longest experiences on this boat (after approx. 16000 nm and 2 ocean crossing) and I am still convinced that the Tiki 30 is an extraordinary good design. I would like to encourage people to build this boat and sail it and I want to share what I have learned during the last 8 years.
From Bertrand I know that you want to take part in a race from Plymouth to Ponta Delgada next June. If you are in the Acores don't miss Angra on the island of Terceira but don't go to Angra marina. It can be very rolly and it is much more expensive than Praia on the east coast. But don't approach Praia at night. From Praia to Angra you can go by bus.

Yours Guenter

Ed: Thanks Guenter, we are waiting impatiently your writings about your experience with the Tiki 30. Like you I am conviced of this design qualities and I am sure that our readers will like to learn from your experience. (Rémy)

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Johnny Martin's family crew aboard Enticer during their summer cruise along the Mediterranean coasts...

The sympathic crew of BumbleBee (Tangaroa): Tim, Tiger & Julia visiting Poole.

At five years old Eleanor is probably the youngest skipper of Ateya (Tiki 26) and the youngest skipper in the Solent.
Keep the course Eleanor!